1935

# OLIVERIAN

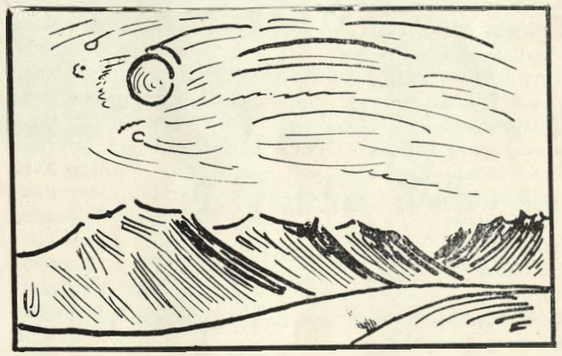
## wyandotte high

A. Thompson

KANSAS
COLLECTION

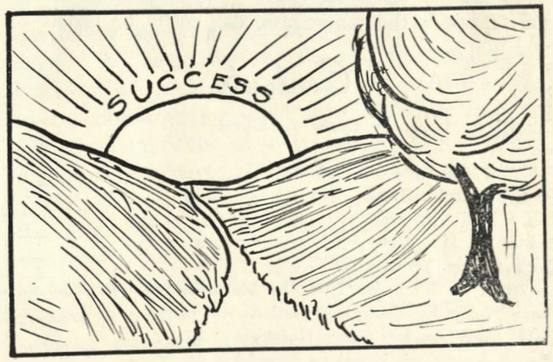
# The Future Great

Turn to the future, boy! There wait
Tomorrow's leaders strong and great.
  Across the far-flung sky of fame
  Full many a meteor shall flame.
A book some struggling youth shall pen
Shall stir once more the hearts of men.
  The world must have its conquerors new
  And one of them may well be you.



Read with amazement this man's tale!
A poor boy once, whose cheeks were pale,
  Starting with nothing but the will
  Some useful post on earth to fill.
Now rich, and leading countless men.
This story shall be told again—
  Some one this selfsame feat shall do;
  Take heart, my boy, it may be you.

Think not that every battle's won
Or all the deeds of splendor done;
  There's not a field upon the earth
  But waits to bring new fame to birth.
Poor boys with glory shall be crowned
And men shall pass their stories round.
  This great success which thrill[illegible]
  To-morrow may belong to you.




Excerpt from "The Future Great"
—by Edgar A. Guest

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# The 1934-35 Quiverian

Volume II Number 1

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## Foreword

The Quiverian staff of 1934-35 is happy to present this annual to the students and friends of Wyandotte and sincerely hopes that you like it.

For the second time the annual has been published in the form of a magazine for the purpose of encouraging creative writing by the student body. At the same time we have tried to produce a record of the years events and the accomplishments of the school.

This year has been a rather difficult one because of conditions caused by the fire last spring but we are sure that in the future years when Wyandotte alumnae meander through the pages of this book many happy memories will be suggested by its pictures and articles.

Throughout the whole year it has been the mutual desire of the entire staff to retain the high standard set by former Quiverian staffs and to produce an annual of which this senior class can justly be proud.

## Contents

The Future Great by Edgar A. Guest 1
Foreword 2
Table of Contents 2
Team by Luella Byers 2
The School's Progress by J. Fletcher Wellemeyer 3-4
A Man of His Word by Naomi Bernard 4
Clock Causes Trouble by George Thomas 5
Ancestors As I Choose Them by Marjorie Simmons 6
Home Again by Genevieve Jordan 7
Early Morning by Gene Gosney 7
The Hickory Stick Yields to Friendship by Naomi Mathews 8-65
Over the Divide by Russell Zumwalt 10-67
Notes and Bars by Edward Mullens 14
The Unsuspected Bandit by Stella Evango 16
Pape's Pink Pills by Helen Wilson 16
Singing Through The Rain by Anon 17
And After School Hours by Edward Mullens 18
A Philosopher by Esther Asner 20
A Woodland Party by Elizabeth Masters 20
Elmer The Great by Robert Woodworth 21
News of the Day by Altheda Berkey 21
We Blue Bloods by Robert Capp 22
The Hair-Tonic Salesman by Brewster Powers 23
The Same Old School by Harry Young 23
Can We Combine by Edward Mullens 24
Old Wyandotte by Annice Hammond 26
Is It Youth's Turn? by Marvin Parker 26
Twilight by Helen Wolters 26
Our Sacred Flame 27
After Graduation Where Are We? by Almeda Boeth 28-42
Senior Play 42
The Keep-Young Boarding House by Sylvia Walinow 43
Our Coming Graduates by Almeda Boeth 46-70
Her Boy by Jay Wagner 47
Good Troubles by John Hamilton 48
A Tragic Accident by Beulah Storms 48
The Mystery Mellerdrammer 49
From One Who Knows by Billy Coldwell 49
The Educated Man by Mary Jane Bruce 49
The Peppy K's by Edward Mullens 50
Joining Hands 51
My Poodle by Dorine Hessell 51
New Setting for An Old Tale by William Pickell 52
Telephone Manners by Vivian Hathman 53
Tomboys—But Healthy by Mildred Avise 54
Rich Young Men by Harriet Kruger 56-70
Try It by Lucille Shinkles 58
Backstage by Gene Gosney 58
Try It by Lucille Shikles 58
Line Plunges and Free Throws by Gerald Bigger and Jack Watkins 59
Sonnet to the Moon by Georgehardin Grant Baker 64
A Tribute 65
Education by Jack Webb 65
Years' Activities in Black and White by Edward Mullens 66
The Debtor by Harriet Kruger 70
The Circus 71
Our Mascot 72

## Team

The crimson team of Wyandotte high
Long may their triumphs reach the sky,
To strive for trophies and for fame
To tell others, Bulldogs aren't so tame.

Dressed in colors of red and white
Out on the floor, Oh how they fight!
With all their might, without a sigh,
To win the game for Wyandotte high.

There's Bosiljevac, Dreier, and Baker too,
Pierce, Sheets, and Larkin, that's true,
But still we hear one last remark,
What would we do without Percy Parks?

—Luella Byers.



# The Schools' Progress!

**Education changes as does the world. Notice the difference in the Boston Latin School of 1635, right, and in Wyandotte's dream, shown on the next page.**

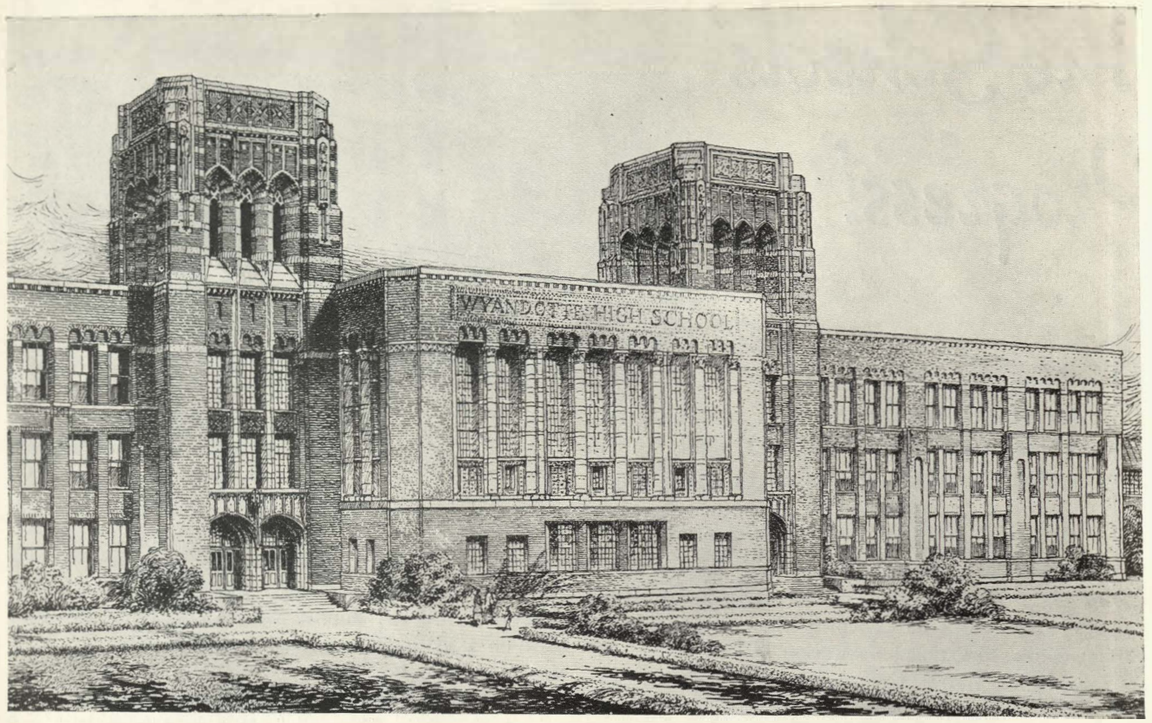
J. Fletcher Wellemeyer

THE American High School looks back upon a glorious past. Up from the humble origin in the Boston Latin School with its extremely limited curriculum, this remarkable educational institution has responded to the demands of nearly ten generations of American youth. The story is extremely fascinating, beginning with a course of study that contained only a few of the more classical elements and displayed a strong tendency toward the religious as expressed in training for service to church and state. This institution has gone through curriculum changes to an extent almost unbelievable. Co-education was first attempted in the American High School. The battle to make legal the support of secondary education through public taxation was fought out in the famous Kalamazoo case. The academy movement was a response to a more liberalizing tendency partly in the field of the cultural subjects. Then came the introduction of all manner of vocational courses and the great socializing and democratizing of the school. Society began to make different demands and the American High School responded valiantly. Beginning as a school for the select few, enrollments have continued so rapidly that well over half the young people of high school age are now in the American High School, and the number accommodated at present is ten times that of thirty years ago.

And what are we to say of Wyandotte in this history of the American High School? What place has it taken in the great movement of secondary education? Certainly in this last thirty years we have every reason to feel proud of the history of our own school. The population of our city has not changed greatly in that period, but the enrollment in the high school has increased enormously. The first graduating class on record numbered 11 persons. The class of 1934 numbered 522. During this time the whole complexion of the high school curriculum has changed, and we have been busy introducing courses in the vocations, the home arts, commerce, and the fine arts, and at the same time carrying on those recognized as finest in the traditional classics. Surely, we at Wyandotte can look back on a glorious past filled with the finest of educational tradition.

But what can we say of the present, with our building destroyed by fire, and the school organized and maintained in a variety of different places? It may be entirely justifiable to suppose that the present is not favorable to continued growth. However, I cannot recognize in the present anything but opportunity. The very fact that we are building a new structure to properly house the Wyandotte high school of the future compels us to ask certain searching questions regarding the education of the present day. Where we seemed so certain that every young person would be taught a direct vocation, we now find that the vocations of the future are very much in a state of confusion. We scarcely know how to advise and plan for an education of this sort. We are then beginning to wonder if certain general ideals may not be of greatest value after all. The friendships acquired at school, the cultivation of a kindly disposition, and a courteous attitude toward our fellow men receive much attention in the school of today. We emphasize also the reliability and dependability of scholarship, which we now frankly claim is worth cultivating for itself alone. We are learning in our school the value of unity and the great satisfaction that comes to us from learning how to do things together. We think it our duty to maintain and preserve the ideals of our school and our country, and we recognize a deep seated obligation to pass on such ideals to later generations. In a measure, the present for Wyandotte is a time for waiting, but distinctly so in the sense of gathering strength for an even greater effort. Consequently we maintain that the present is literally filled with opportunity.

It follows very properly that on the foundation of




*From our cherished memories and our roseate dreams, we have built a new Wyandotte. From the high towers of the new home will blaze the spirit and glory of Wyandotte.*

the past and with the opportunity of the present we have every reason to look forward to the future with entire confidence. The new home we are building for Wyandotte is planned with all the foregoing definitely in mind. It is planned in accordance with every good and fine tradition of three centuries of the American high school. It is being planned with a view to fifty years of use. It is planned at a time when no man can tell what the demands on the educational program of our country will be. More important, however, than anything else, our new home is being planned for the accommodation of a great institution that has no particular reference to, or connection with, material equipment. What a tragedy it would be if we had only the great building and so many children to fill it, when we moved in the fall of 1936. No, when we go back home we shall move into the new building with the greatness of the past and the opportunities of the present. If that be true, the future will take care of itself. Should the enrollment continue to increase we have planned for hundreds more. Should invention and discovery in the field of science continue, we hope to keep pace with every advancement and we are building for that. With every improvement and every development we must adapt our new school to the new situation if we are to be true to the highest ideals of American education.

Our glimpse into the future can be well expressed in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

# A Man of His Word

THERE is a well-known man walking the streets of the Greater Kansas City who has not had a haircut and shave in ten years. Practically everyone has seen this man at sometime or another. The one thing that has made him very noticeable is his streaming red hair and bushy crimson beard. Children gaze in bewilderment at him, thinking he must be Santa Claus with his whiskers dyed red. Older persons merely stare at him and laugh to themselves.

His real name is Kirby McGrill, and he knows everyone from the mayor to the garbage man. And they in turn know him. Many stories are circulated as to the real reason that Kirby has not visited a barber shop in the last decade. The most authentic of these is the one a local newspaper printed a few years ago. His wife left him some twenty years ago, running away with a barber. He decided never to honor a barber shop until his wife returned. From his looks one would say that he is "a man of his word."

Kirby can tell some tall stories. He has told people that if some one would finance his expenses he would swim the English channel. There is no doubt but that he has a great amount of strength. He has carried heavy loads for many miles in endurance tests. It is said that he has a penchant for racing with street cars and that he comes out the winner.

Despite the face that he wears an old baseball suit and the points of his shoes stick out at forty degree angles; he is not as poverty stricken as some people might think. For he has a fairly large farm in the southern part of Missouri. The answer to his racing street cars instead of living on the farm is that he prefers the hurry and crowds of the city to the quiet rural life.

Kirby has had a fine education. It is said that he has informed groups of curious people that he has attended two years of college. He uses good English and has a nice low voice which is pleasant to hear.

From a quick glance, one suspects that if he would shave his flaming red whiskers and trim his abundant thatch of hair he would make a fine looking man.

—Naomi Bernard, '36.

# Clock Causes Trouble

George Thomas

DO you consider a clock in your room a help or a disadvantage? Personally I do not know which it is. Four years ago, when I started to high school and had to get up early, I bought a small clock. It was not a very large clock, but when it came to making noise, it would toll out like Big Ben.

When I first purchased the clock I was rather proud of it. I bought it in the month of July and from the day of purchase it keep very good time until about a week after school began. Then it started to vary. First it would run fast, and I would work diligently with a pin trying to push back the little lever that regulated the timepiece, to slow it down. Very likely the next day it would be running about twenty minutes slow and the operation had to be repeated. After a week of this I had it where it would run fairly accurately. This put me in the best of spirits for I felt as though I had really accomplished something; however, it soon ceased to run at all. I would bring it downstairs where it was warmer to work on it and in about a half an hour it would start running again. I would take it to my room, which is inclined to be rather cool, and set it on the window sill where I could see it in the morning. In about an hour it would stop. Now this seemed very mysterious to me. If it would run when down stairs, why wouldn't it run when upstairs? I asked everyone at home and they seemed as mystified as I. I then took my troubles to a neighbor and he said that setting it by the window where the cold wind blew in would stiffen the oil in the works and stop it. That cleared up that mystery, and I realized that learning to handle a clock and make it keep good time was an art—especially trying to keep this one running accurately.

I had developed the habit, when my clock was setting near my bed, of shutting off the alarm while only half awake, and then falling asleep again. This almost caused me to be late for school several times and I would step into my first hour about the time the bell rang. Soon I had a brilliant idea how to awaken myself fully. I would place the clock on the other side of the room and by the time I reached it I should be fully awakened.

The next morning my plan proved to be a failure. When the clock started its dreaded noise, I awoke. At first I put my head under the cover but the noise still persisted. After glaring at it for several minutes I arose from my bed and started across the room. I was thinking what a big noise that little clock was making, and had completely forgotten the obstacles in my way, when I hit the footstool, fell, and knocked over the lamp. There I lay, sprawled out over the floor, entwined in the fallen lamp and turned over footstool while the clock sat ringing lustily. I untangled myself, made my way over to it, and slammed off the alarm which resounded with a little, yet defiant, "ting."

You can see my position on the subject. If you had been troubled and bothered as much as I by a little old clock I believe you would feel much the same as I. Lately I have been thinking it over and summing up its good and bad qualities. They just about balance as far as I am concerned, and I will have to wait to see if my clock goes on another rampage before long or continues to peacefully tick away the minutes before I can definitely make up my mind about clocks.

# Ancestors As I Choose Them

**A glance at a family album is sometimes disastrous so why not hand-pick them as does Marjorie Simmons in this interesting sketch.**

IN one of those rare moments of leisure, so infrequent these days, I had a sudden urge to take a glance through our family album. A glance would have probably squelched my sudden urge had I known what was coming, but being one of their bewildered offspring I was curious as to just whom I might blame for my abundance of undesirable traits.

Always before I have been afraid to look for fear of what I might see, but with the book before me I drew a deep breath and opened it. Horrors, could it be true? Was that creature really my ancestor? Oh, no, probably just a friendly neighbor, but that mustache certainly made him look anything but friendly. Wait, who's this? Good grief, how does this poor creature breathe? She must be about two inches wide and one-half inch thick at her waistline. I was beginning to feel rather strange and the next ancestor finished it all. Her hair was done in battleship style with roses instead of cannons as decorations. I do believe she had enough hair to furnish goatees for all the navy's goats.

Feeling rather depressed I gladly put the book back in its proper place and went to console myself on this unfortunate discovery.

As I glanced into the mirror, the thought of my ancestors came back to me. If I could choose my ancestors how would I have them? First, none of them would have old straight hair that refused to lie in waves even after the beauty operator wore her fingers to the marrow trying to make it look at least presentable. No, they would all, from grandpap to baby Susie, have beautiful curly hair. Further, they would all have small straight noses, not one that humps and bumps its way along to the end. Taking further inventory, they would have dainty teeth of pearls. No horse teeth in my ancestors.

They would be famous, too; men of brawn and brain. Great statesmen, famous doctors, dramatic actors, lullabying crooners, light-footed tappers, and perhaps even a president among our ranks if the period were not too pressed with political and economical problems. Of course we must not omit Uncle Zekiel and all his millions. Good old Uncle, the family seemed to like him best.

My mind began to stray a bit, as it was in the habit of doing, to Uncle Zekiel and his lovely home, in which I played the leading role as favorite niece. I have always wanted to be somebody's favorite something, either pet or prize exhibit, so at last my wish was granted. In my thought I went to spend the summer with Uncle in his lovely home. It was the day when all the ladies wore great hoop skirts that swished and rose with every step. I could fairly picture myself in this costume, strolling in the garden manipulating the contraption when going through doors and getting in and out of carriages. The picture was perfect until the thought of dinner crossed my mind. How on earth would I ever manage to get that hoop and all the skirt under the table? I could visualize myself as I sat at the table with my skirt standing up in front of me like a backstop for a baseball game, hiding not only me but my plate as well. By the time I managed to get my skirt tamed I discovered noodles spilled from my soup bowl and wiggling along the table like so many worms after an April shower.

With this unpleasant picture still in my mind I abandoned the idea of having all my ancestors dressed in hoop skirts, realizing these were much more picturesque than practical. Instead, I figured that the combination of beauty and brains would be more profitable for their descendants, and since that includes me, who is in great need of both, I decided it would be a capital idea. With both of these characteristics, virtues, or what have you in ancestors, the family album would tame the baby when given to one of his tantrums. Not only that but think of future generations, what examples they would have to follow and how they would have to work to keep up the family characteristics. But alas and alack it is all only a pleasant contemplation of what might have been.

—Marjorie Simmons, '35.

Mellerdrammers are in style
No matter how you make 'em,
Where a villian wins a heart
And runs away to forsake 'em.

Marion, with downcast eye
And long, artistic hair.
He is but a poet, kids,
To bite—he wouldn't dare!



# Home Again

Genevive Jordan

ON your return home from a long trip, or even a short one, don't you feel a pleasant yet intangible sensation embrace you as the fog embraces a church steeple, and makes the world as vague to you as the the steeple is to the world. I do. I always breathe a prayer of relief when I find that that old house I call home is still safe and sound; that it has not become the unsuspecting victim of that "tiger" whose angry and horribly beautiful tongue may destroy a building so quickly and leave only charred remains. The humble old home always seems to smile rather sheepishly as though he rejoiced at our return but did not like to admit the fact. It is queer how an inanimate dwelling can possess so much feeling and express its emotions when humans, who are supposed to be loving and kind, present only a poker face.

Your friends greet you on your arrival from a little jaunt just as quickly as if it had been a long voyage. They are just as glad to see you return as they were to see you leave. And why should friends not take pride in your good fortunes? Of course we are assuming that it was a pleasant excursion, for I take it for granted that a thing is pleasant until it proves itself to be otherwise.

It seems such a long, l-o-n-g time since I roamed the halls of that dear old institution we called Wyandotte. "The Old Building" brings out the tender qualities in one's voice when it is mentioned, just "sorta reverent like." The worn steps, the cracks in the walls, the squeaky seats are never spoken or thought of with contempt, but cherished as a lost dream. Though many times we have envied the classes to come after us because they will be the first to make an impression on the new building, we have more than they. The pleasures we enjoyed they will never know; they are to be pitied. And yet they tell us we should not dwell in the past, but should live only for the future. (Did you ever ask them why we must study history?) Those were the good old days. Gone forever—but not forgotten.

Once upon a time there was a girl, not very old nor very young—a sophomore at Wyandotte. Through the long cold winter she attended school as regularly as the clock on the wall ticks the minutes away. When the winter left, she went with it. A notice in the "Pantograph" announced she had moved. Then, as far as the school as a whole was concerned, the world had opened up and swallowed her, for but a few knew of her whereabouts. These few were rewarded by a glimpse of her at intervals, or a letter once in a while, just often enough to learn that she had changed her residence again. Now I am back again!

Back again! But alas, the scenes have changed. The home of memories vanished in a swirl of smoke, but the memories themselves will remain undimmed.

Back again! Back in the midst of the swirling throng of young humans. Just to be a part of that happy, vivacious crowd once more is enough for me. Talking and laughing about nothing at all is our policy. Living a happy-go-lucky life, but serious as anyone would want it. Though you and I are living on the hospitality of our friends, that does not matter. I am home again!

# Early Morning

Gene Gosney

THE alarm shrieks; it is time to get up and set about the day's work. The day starts at one o'clock in the morning for the milkman.

Who ever thinks about him, wonders about him, whether or not he has any thoughts or philosophy? Perhaps no one thinks about him, but I assure you he has his own thoughts while the city is slumbering and all is quiet. Driving his team through the dark, silent streets which, at this hour, belong entirely to him, he hears the softly whispering breezes of summer murmuring soft nothings to leaves of the living trees, and the wild gales of winter shouting defiance to the many houses it tries to destroy.

To the rest of the world it would be a dreadful task to arise at so early an hour, morning after morning, but to the man who has done it for years there is no other life. He has learned to love the early morning hours with their watching stars and beautiful dawn. It has instilled itself in his blood. He may grumble and complain when the loud ringing of the alarm destroys his sleep, but once out in the air, his heart lightens as he goes about doing his share for the world.

Sometimes he wonder just what is his part in the play. As his mind wanders, he reflects that he is furnishing sustenance for growing children, and energy which the world must have to keep the wheels turning.

He perhaps isn't thought about by others, because they have their own thoughts and troubles and cares. Then, too, he isn't so very important to them, but that worries him not. He has a world all his own which belongs only to him, and when he is retiring after the day's work, the other world is bustling with activity.

# The Hickory Stick Yields to Friendship

Naomi Mathews

SIMPLICITY, born of art and a kindly philosophy, has characterized this past year's service of the faculty and administration. It is time to strike the total of the year's achievements so that we may know how far we have gone. These lines will endeavor to bring together the most deeply moving services rendered to our school by its faculty. Although we have had little time for social activities we have many casual acquaintances with those teachers whom we would like to know better. But as we go rushing to school and to and from classes with little time to stop and talk we derive a pleasure unforgettable in the swift moments we do have in our class.

The most fascinating thing that we look forward to, although we will not get to use it, is the new Wyandotte High that will carry the ideals, standards, and inspiration that has characterized the school and the kind and considerate faculty.

We have some deep impressions of the instructors who help in molding and shaping our character, that will never leave us. We have among our faculty those who prove always to be a friend. When a student becomes discouraged or feels ready to quit they can talk with them as friend to friend, and without hesitation they will be ready to start back on the right path. Those teachers are more than instructors of students. They are real friends.

Then we find the quiet, matter-of-fact, quick thinking instructor that is unreservedly generous with his knowledge. These members of the faculty may not impress us in class but in discussion of a question or problem will add much to our store of memories.

There are in our faculty, although small in size and features, those who are giants in character and personality. They have personalities unforgettable in the mad whirl of the world. They use genius in handling perplexing situations and are willing to give another chance to those who have not lived up to their ability.

*Supt. F. L. Schlagle has done much toward the organization of plans for our new high school. R. C. Johnson, in addition to his duties as assistant to the superintendent, has conducted classes at the Central Junior High School.*

*The success of many of our projects is due, in no small measure, to the zeal of Prin. J. F. Wellemeyer, who has been aided by his able vice-principals, J. Clyde Hume and C. W. Harvey, both of whom are associated with the Junior College — Mr. Hume as assistant dean and Mr. Harvey as logic and psychology instructor.*

Some instructors seem to possess the very soul of music and art in their work and in the bright touches they add to their classrooms. The saying that a room expresses the personality of its dwellers is very true in these instances. One of the most striking things seen in their rooms are the beautiful flowers that cheer the hearts of the students and make them glad to be in that room.

We have not seen the principal of our school as often as we would like since our school burned, but in all regulations of law and order and discerning right from wrong he shows kindness and consideration for all. To him we pay our highest esteem.

ulations of law and order and discerning right from wrong he shows kindness and consideration for all. To him we pay our highest esteem.

There are the instructors who wish only to stick to the facts on the subject with no side tracking or moralizing. This is not as interesting to the students as having an occasional open forum period but in these shortened hours the slackening of the learning of facts may result in not covering the required course for graduation.

The phrase, vivid, gay, and colorful persoanity, could be used to describe some of the members of our faculty. They not only have a colorful personality but they express this is dress and actions. They add a real joy to the hard days of school when things sometimes go wrong.

Then there are the spontaneous, versatile, and enthusiastic instructors who are the very incarnation of the spirit of self assurance. These instructors are an inspiration to the students and the students feel after the class a self-assurance in the facts they have gained. These facts remained fixed in their minds.

Some of the instructors are admiringly spoken of by their students as the best teacher they ever knew. On further inquiry into their meaning we discover they mean the instructors who have a genuine interest in their work and students, the instructor who can supply information, books, and magazines and can draw from their store of knowledge to satisfy the inquiries of these students.

The fact that certain faculty members are very shy of interviewers was revealed after an attempt to gather some information.

"Can you spare a few minutes," I spoke up.

They looked at me suspiciously.

"Can you?" I repeated.

"For what," they ask.

"Well sort of an interview you know. You don't mind, do you?" They smiled sheepishly not having any definite excuse for not giving me an interview.

"We need information for the Quiverian," I explained. They answered the questions I asked but not with a whole hearted response and very little information could be gained from them. So the facts about these teachers are only those that the students observe in the daily classroom.

It is rather difficult to make any real choice among the instructors. There is no general rule that can be applied to any two of them. I believe one truth, however, cannot be ignored, simplicity constitutes the straight-forward presentation of unity in making up the perfectly organized group.

Some teachers are always looking for new things and are very experimental with new methods and courses. Thus their classes never become stale or matter-of-fact, but are classes where new things are tried and new ideas are gained. One of the most hopeful signs in the nation today, when times are hard and many are striving to get along, is the new movements and methods of training of the youth by the educators.

Some of the history instructors vary greatly in methods and types of teaching. Some make chronicle events a dull and uninspiring study, concern themselves with campaigns and battles, political movements and social development, or lay emphasis upon the lessons to be derived from the study. Others trying to creat the spirit of the period, will present conflicting accounts and leave to the student the choice of one that is most plausible. They do not act as though they were above the students in mentality but seem more as a sudent and one of the group.

Some like to "orate," that is if the oration is impromptu or of their own invention. They have extremely large vocabularies and could talk for an entire class period on any subject that came to their mind. Those instructors are always ready to lend a helping hand to whomever may need to draw from their copious supply of knowledge.

In some classes the instructors have endeavored to overcome shyness, timidity, and backwardness of the students. This was done to take away their fear of speaking to people and to help them in obtaining their place in the world. Because of this training many students will obtain high honor and will be known all over the world. They will be trained to meet people unafraid of the startling facts of the world today. They will always carry with them this knowledge they have gained under careful supervision of their instructors.

The vocational guidance in our high school has added much to the preparing of students for the problems they have to meet. The choosing and training along a definite line has lead to the block system where only the subjects that will aid you in your work are taught. This system will lead to a more careful planning of the future before starting in high school and much waste of time will be avoided.

Many amazing developments have been made in sciences and the instructors have kept the students informed and trained them to take notice of the new advancements as they are developing. They are pointing to us the opportunities and are showing us where new

(Continued on Page 65)

# Over The Divide

Russell Zumwalt

**A sudden flash of steel from a rustic Zulu, a falling object, a long and weary trip down a long mountain trail, a huge diamond used as a bullet, and $5,000 reward, all combine to change a discouraged and heart-sick life into a happy, care-free one for Dave Tuttle, our young hero.**

THE crisp, light air of early January high in the Montana Rockies splits easily. On one cold, fragile night man was sending out his complaining challenge against the death-like silence of the canyons over the passes of the jagged range. At 11:45 it came, roaring, crashing, and thundering. Soft—almost indistinguishable at first—louder and louder it grew till it rose to a clamouring roar. Then with a shriek and a mournful wail it died away again. It could be heard moaning in the distance like a lost soul in purgatory. Then it was gone.

On flew the man-made thing careening around curves, clattering over trestles, and dodging into tunnels only to reappear again, bringing its noise with it. It was a gliding monster of steam and steel. Its long tongue of light, cutting the night and bearing intently on the road ahead, never wavered. At intervals its gills opened momentarily and belched red flame that reflected on the canyon walls and hid its slim gliding body from view.

By three o'clock it had pushed its nose clear of the granite cliffs and yawning chasms, and with a last long sigh and wail it settled to skimming over the flat and barren waste lands. On that particular night of January 12 a rare thing happened. Its glaring radium tongue of light focused on five dark forms between the steel ribbons of track a mile distant. With a squealing of set brakes and a hissing of compressed air it ground to a stop. One of the five forms climbed quickly to the engine cab. The four remaining scrambled to the tender. There was a flick of light; the men dropped from sight. A dull explosion was accompanied by a flash. The men reappeared and entered the blasted end blind door of the mail car. Sleepy mail clerks looked into the muzzles of four Mausers and did as they were told. Drowsy passengers, who were shaken from comfortable positions in their berths by the sudden stop, raised their heads and blinked out at a snow-bound, windswept plateau, bathed in moonlight. They shivered, turned over, and curled up, wondering absently why the North Coast limited on which they had paid extra fare had stopped in such a God-forsaken frigid zone. When the wheels began to click softly under them again, they fell back to sleep. They did not know that the mail car had been robbed and that two clerks lay dead on their train.

D. C. Breckenridge signed the affidavit, leaned back in his swivel chair, and squinted at the assistant postmaster through blue cigar smoke. The assistant postmaster thanked him, turned, and retreated through a heavy, walnut door that led into a tiled hallway. He pushed the elevator button beside a gold inlay label that read, "Thirty-second Floor."

D. C. Breckenridge, "Breck" to the grain traders, leaned forward, sighed, and shifted his stock figure to its full height. He walked to a window and poked his bulldog jaw in the direction of the Michigan Boulevard traffic. He had hated to lose the diamond. True, he got nearly its full worth out of the postal insurance, but it was valuable for other reasons.

"Well, I was a fool to send it to Seattle to get it cut," he told himself, and raised the window to let in the icy lake breezes, accompanied by the grumbling noise of traffic. Savagely he slammed it shut again. He could never figure out which he could stand the better, silence with stuffiness or fresh air with noise. "At any rate," he mused, "I'll post a $5,000.00 reward for its return; mail robberies are dangerous and they may keep it on ice a long time before they cut it up and try to sell it."

DAVE Tuttle drained the last drop of coffee from his cup and deliberately set it down in the middle of the saucer, thereby finishing his meal. He raised his eyes slowly across the rough pine board table until they met Eileen's. Then his gaze wavered and concentrated on the battered long wall with its array of spotless pans and cooking utensils. Presently his eyes met hers again. There was something queer about Eileen's eyes. When a person looked at them once, he always looked back. They were blue with a depth of expression that demanded more than a casual glance. Between them was set a remarkable nose, maybe a trifle too wide, but it lent the needed strength that the sensitive mouth lacked. Dave smiled wistfully. After receiving a smile in return, he rose automatically and strode to the corner where coats and hats hung from nails driven in the logs. Placing a battered sombrero on the side of his head, he turned halfway and said to the stove, "Guess I'll drop down to Dobson this afternoon and see what's new."

"Be back for supper?" asked the sensitive mouth.

He turned and regarded its owner with a slight twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes." He stepped forward, stooped, and, raising a curly lock of brown hair, pressed his thumb hard against her forehead where a perfect complexion and an admirable spirit were making a hard fight against faint lines of worry and discouragement.

"See," he said, removing his thumb and regarding the print that it left, "I've got designs on you so you'll be here when I get back." With that he turned, tilted his head slightly, and went out the door. He was so tall that he had misjudged his own height when he had built that door.

Usually tall men are awkward but one needed only to watch Dave mount Nappy who was rangy and ill at ease to know that he was an exception. "Want anything?" he called as he passed the door; it was just his way of saying goodbye. Nappy liked spring and showed his appreciation by making good time. After crossing the last dead-fall and breaking out of the timber into the open trail, he snorted and beat his legs savagely with his ridiculously short tail, trying to break into a stiff lope instead of a trot. Sniffing the fresh breezes laden with the odor of jack-pine and melting snow that drifted down from the peaks, Dave tried to feel happy but couldn't.

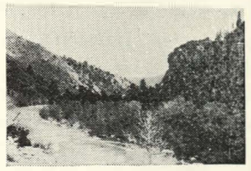
NAPPY objected to being tied between a shining new Ford and a bedraggled long haired mare in Dobson and promptly made known his dislike by biting the mare on the back of the neck and kicking her in the flank. Local loungers succeeded in stopping the fray only after it had died a natural death. Then each in his casual way began to narrate how he had stopped it.

"Never wanta excite a hoss when he's mad," drawled a rangy lad with round shoulders.

"You mean you never want to make him mad when he's excited," growled a one-eyed, bowlegged, squat character that belonged in "Treasure Island." After some discussion on the merits and draw-backs of each of the subdued animals, the conversation drifted to the only natural course that the occasion presented—Dave Tuttle.

Anybody or thing that presented itself in Dobson was the object of local discussion first by the men, who would handle the subject dubiously and quizzically, poke it with sticks and whittle on it with jack-knives. Then the women would take it up, maltreat and tear it apart, and maybe cause a new sensation.

The odds were three to one that he wouldn't. There was no actual betting, but after all, it's the odds that foretell the outcome of events, not the money involved. The loungers knew—as everybody else in Dobson knew by this time—that Dave was in the back of the bank trying to get old Hirshly to extend his loan. The frame structure that could not possibly be taken for a bank had it not been so labeled, seemed to radiate by some unknown grapevine telegraph the words spoken by the two inside because the men loungers in front of Hannon's general store had already taken their conversation apart, formed a verdict, and discarded the immediate subject for the present. The general feeling was that of sympathy for Dave with the absence of the traditional hard feeling for a fore-closing banker. It was just one of those things—old Hirshly had to have his pound of flesh or his depression-sapped banking business was going to die. He had loaned Dave $1,000.00 on his rocky homestead when the discouraged young engineer who had just returned home from Kansas City had first staked it out. It had taken some persuasion on Dave's part to get it in the first place. He was a good stockman and a hard worker and old Hirshly finally let him have it purely on his faith in Dave and his hope that cattle prices would go up—which they decidedly didn't.



The conversation lulled as Dave came out of the side door of the bank and the closing of the door left him standing on the narrow board walk. His very posture and every move showed defeat. The undue interest in the grocery list he drew from his pocket, the way he nervously put it back, the slightly too-high tilt of his chin as he squinted into a sky that contained nothing but blue—all efforts to conceal defeat—screamed of discouragement more than complete supplication would have done. The remains of a tailor-made cigarette that old Hirshly had given him reposed forgotten between his fingers and sent a steady column of blue smoke up the back of his hand till it struck the cuff of his shirt where it broke into curls and waves and drifted off to disappear. One of the curves found its way to the nostrils of his high narrow nose. The queer magic of scents put him back several years.

It had been a long time since he had smoked a tailor-made: 1926, a graduate of engineering; 1927, highway bridge construction in Illinois; 1928, construction in Kansas City—good pay; 1929, his first individual contract, met Eileen, married, lived at the Plaza; busy, joyous days, happy evenings, plans for the future, the savings account they were going to start but never did; 1930, Ethel born, contract finished, hospital bills, no job, left Plaza; 1931, nobody wanted engineers, moved

again, two rooms on lower Prospect; 1932, Ethel took sick, long, ghostly, strained nights, death, hospital, funeral, broke, back to Montana. You could eat there anyway.

The time taken for the film of memory to unreel this picture of eight years of his life in detail was only a few seconds. With a sigh he stepped into the dusty road.

As he neared the group in front of Hannon's, he wished he could escape them but knew he could not. He uttered a strained "Hello, boys!" and cursed under his breath as he passed them because their replies were also strained and electric. It should not be so, they were his friends, but they were sympathetic and he didn't want sympathy. All he wanted was—God! what did he want anyway?, just a chance—a chance to what?—he had had two of them and look at him now.

The sound of his heavy cow-hide boots on the worn floor of the general store helped to bring back a sense of reality. The smell of freshly shipped coffee and the crisp odor of drygoods was pleasant and real. He wondered absently how old Hannon ("Skipper" they called him) could stand the continuous noise of crickets back there somewhere in the vicinity of the flour sacks.

The skipper didn't look up from a pile of papers by the postoffice cage when Dave entered. He could tell you how everybody that entered his store had voted at the last election, along with a world of other information about them including their domestic troubles, if they were domesticated. They could wait. If they were in a hurry they could wait on themselves. Finally in the middle of a written figure he looked up. His bright little eyes showed that he was surprised to see Dave.

"Well, doggone, hello!" he rasped, dropping his pencil and offering a queer little hand that seemed to tell that it had never held a singing rope or gripped the flying heels of a bawling calf.

Dave, relieved by the lack of sympathy and the genuine ring of comraderie in his cracked voice, gripped the tiny hand and let his pent-up emotions pour loose with gusto concerning the towns-people, the weather, and current events.

"Yes, hosses is gittin' a footholt agin," the skipper squeaked as he made his way to fill Dave's order. "Jim Carbine billed two carloads out o' here yestidday at fo'ty dolla's straight paid at loadin'. They was only halter broke and a lot of greys was in the bunch. Don't know where he got them, lessen they's the cut-backs from that cannery bunch that come from up-state, and they looked too good for thet."

Dave considered this morsel of news idly and wondered if he could profitably trade his Hereford cows for mares. He filled his pipe from the sample can of a new tobacco that lay open on the counter. Then he remembered, the Herefords were no longer his.

He reached a long arm over the counter and twirled a three-day-old Great Falls Tribune around so he could read it.

"I see they still have hopes o' gittin' them mail robbers," the skipper said. Dave scanned the page without interest. The voice drifted on.

"Two thousand reward by the government for the killer, and $5,000 for the diamond if they—"

Suddenly a name leaped from the printed page! He read! read it again, read it three, four times. "Pap Sanders!" Slowly, methodically he read the words again that enclosed it.

*"A tip received today from Chicago to government agents working on the case said, 'Look for Pap Sanders.' As the note was unsigned and gave no clue as to the whereabouts of Pap Sanders or of his connection in this case, it was regarded as valueless."*

That was all. The article rambled on retelling the tale of the robbery with all its new developments. Slowly Dave raised his eyes. Slight beads of perspiration appeared on his bronzed forehead. "Pap Sanders," he mumbled.

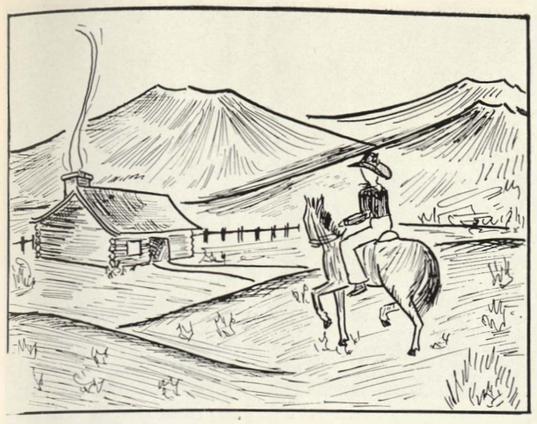
"What's that!" said the voice, "Pap Sanders? yeah, ever heer'd o' him?"

"Seven thousand," thought Dave, "all mine." "No," he answered, "never heard of him."

"Too bad ye didn't," said the voice as its owner appeared laden with supplies, "might mean a few dolla's for ye. Well, here you are, Dave, you kin check 'em over while I fetch a sack, you're hoss-back o' course?"

The skipper gazed at Dave's broad shoulders as he passed out the door with the sack of supplies under his arm. "Funny what struck 'im all of a sudden," he mused. "Guess old Hirshly must be clampin' down on 'im. Too bad, too, bad for that little woman of his'n, mostly just a kid, but sure plumb full of spunk, well—" and he returned to his figures.

FOR many years the dramas, the loves, the tragedies, the hates, the feuds, and the gayeties of the lives of the people of Dobson had made a gay, drab, colorful, sordid, and lovable parade before his eyes as he served the people from behind the worn old counters. Once a man was shot in the stomach on the high board walk in front of the store and in his anguish kicked and floundered from the spot where he fell till he rolled from the walk and died face downward in the powdery dust of the road. A gruesome sight. Another time a man was orderly and precisely hanged by his neck from a tree across the road. On one cold starlit winter night a



young wife had become a mother by the light of his spluttering gas lantern that hung from the store's ceiling. So it went, winter and summer. He either saw, heard, or knew it all. Some died, a few left, fewer came, some married, and two had killed themselves; but on the whole, life in Dobson remained the same.

Dave noticed that his fingers were shaking slightly as he drew the rawhide saddle strings tight around the filled sack. A name kept pounding in his brain. "Pap Sanders!"; but, as he gripped Nappy's mane with his bridle hand and clamped the other one over the steel saddle horn, he managed to throw his head back and smile in the face of the loungers, saying, "Well, so long, boys, I'm off in a cloud of dust!"

The late afternoon breezes laden with the brisk tangy odor of sage helped to clear Dave's brain of its momentary, feverish excitement. The thought of Pap Sanders still sent a strange tingling through his blood stream and caused him to grip the bridle reins a little tighter.

As he neared the edge of town, he gazed at the sun-bathed tilting spire of the outer-most building, the Catholic Mission, and absently mused that it was certainly representative of the religion of the town. Battered, bent, and weather-beaten it sat alone on the flat prairie, long guy-wires anchoring it against the fierce onslaught of the prevailing winter winds. No shrubs or bushes adorned its base and no trees sheltered it from the blast of blizzards and the relentless blistering heat of the sun. Stark naked it stood against the sky, ugly, yet strangely beautiful. Like a bedraggled and haggard sentinel it clung, guarding the town from the assailments of Satan and Beelzebub.

As he passed the cemetery he marveled at the bravery of women who would live and die in such a country and be buried in such a place. To be deprived of the natural life of lights and companionship, to live a hard life in a hard country, and, as a climax, to be laid to rest in such a forlorn sanctuary, was indeed a heroic gesture. A crude barbed wire fence marked its bounds. The barren graves were marked with native stone, hand—cut and inscribed. No flowers were planted on them because everybody knew that they wouldn't grow. Over each was an oblong patch of glaring white gravel because once the hardpan was ripped open the sod and never came back. It left a permanent scar. He remembered the remark the skipper had made the day after Chet Nelson was buried, "I'd rather have the coyotes pick my bones than to be baked under six feet of gravel in that place."

By the time the flat, marginal, prairie land began to give way to the jutting rocks and scattered jack-pines of the foot-hills the thought of Pap had ceased to cause Dave any excitement. Other thoughts entered his mind that there hadn't been room for before.

After all,—"Pap Sanders,"—there might be a thousand of them in the United States. There might even be two of them in the state of Montana, but that allowed him a 50-50 chance of success. Slowly, as the gap between two imposing peaks swallowed the sun, and the burning coals of red and amber that it left on the jagged teeth began to melt and fall away, the thought of earning $7000 by capturing a decrepit old man began to turn stale on him. He turned the name over in his brain and at last tried to justify his actions by the fact that Pap hadn't told him that his name was Pap Sanders, and that he had immediately become indignant when he had found it out and had called him that.

The fact that Pap had been in the locality for only three months and had squatted in that deserted cabin back of his place and that he had always sent him to town for grub could be explained in a multitude of ways. But still, he lived like a dog, associated with no one, and kept asking if any of the YL riders ever came through there to keep track of their yearlin's. Of course there was no one within seven miles of rough country to associate with, but yet, why hadn't he gone to town to stay? The trapping season was over.

Nappy laboured up a steep, narrow ravine and Dave felt a thrill that always coursed through him when a good piece of horseflesh was struggling beneath him. When they had reached a landing place and looked up in the face of a longer and steeper climb, Dave reined in to give Nappy his "breathe." The smell of sweat and leather blending with the slightly pungent odor of deeply matted pine needles was pleasant, and they waited a little longer than was necessary while Dave looked long and thoughtfully at a light across the narrow valley.

Nappy faced it too and cocked first one ear and then the other nervously in its direction, waiting for the command to proceed. There was his home, rest, and green grass. He could shake and roll luxuriously in the pine needles and relieve his sweaty itching back. Dave had his own visions—a table set and ready, a pair of deep, blue eyes, waiting. He heard a voice saying, "You'll be back for supper?"

(*Continued on Page 67*)

# Notes and Bars

*Edward Mullens*

"TRAILS Southwest," presented by Thurlow Lieurance, composer of Indian music, at Memorial Hall, Thursday, November 5, was probably the most outstanding musical program to be presented to the public this year. Two programs were given by Mr. Lieurance, one in the afternoon for grade school pupils and the other in the evening for adults and high school students.

A group of artists, known as the Kubik Ensemble, presented a program new to the concert stage at the Northwest Junior high school auditorium. The group was composed of a mother, Evelyn Kubik, and her three sons, Howard, Gail, and Henry. Although the mother was unable to appear with them, the boys gave an outstanding program for the students.

The Boys' Glee Club under the direction of Miss Lorraine Ellis, vocal instructor, gave many fine programs to separate groups. The purpose of the officers elected by the Glee Club was to meet the various social and disciplinary problems that arose. William Pickell was president and William Mosser was vice-president. Fifty students were enrolled in the club this year.

Under the direction of Mr. Edwin A. Hosking there were three instrumental organizations; the orchestra, and the A and B bands. Shortly after the opening of school the B band joined with the A. Special numbers and field displays were given at the football games. The same policy was carried out at the basketball games.

During the first part of the school year the band spent a large part of its time in preparing for its part in the parade and Kansas Day program given at the American Royal Live Stock Show in October. Bands from schools throughout the state of Kansas took part in the concerts and parades.

At the annual Christmas program given by the school the concert band played musical selections. The program was presented a week before Christmas in Memorial Hall. It was designed to take the place of the All-School Chorus which was discontinued this year.

About ten members of the band played at the pageant celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin school. The pageant was given the night of January 28 in the Northwest junior high school auditorium.

Approximately sixty girls' make up the Girl's Glee Club, one of the largest of its kind in the state of Kansas. At a meeting in the fall, girls decided to adopt a costume to be worn at all of their programs. They chose the following girls as their officers: Harriett Smith, president; Christine Provas, vice-president; Dorine Hessell, secretary; and Dorothy Rhoades, treasurer.

At the banquet held by the National Scholastic Press Association Convention at the Hotel Muehlebach a small group of boys and girls and the orchestra gave a musical program for the delegates of the convention.

Other outside programs in which the girls took part were the Christmas program at Memorial Hall, the Teachers' Convention, and several programs given at various churches in the city.

Music was furnished by the Wyandotte high school orchestra for the senior play, "Dollars to Doughnuts," the junior play, "You're the Doctor," and the Kay Cees' play, "Whispering Pines." Each year the orchestra takes part in the Music Week program held at Memorial Hall during April. It also takes part in many other worth while programs given in the city. During the second semester this year the orchestra and band was moved to more desirable quarters in the Sartin Building, Eighth street and Minnesota avenue.

The schools of the Northeast Kansas League combined their talents in a festival of instrumental and vocal music which was a part of the League's Fine Arts festival day, featuring music and speech in its day of fun at Atchison, April 6.

The selections played by the combined orchestras were: "In a Persian Market," by Ketelbey; the "Sleeping Beauty Waltz," by Tschaikowsky; "Apple Blossoms," by Katherine Roberts; "Suite-Siguard Jorselfar," by Grieg; and "Semiramide," by Rosini.

Vocal selections were: "Daybreak," by Fanning; "Send Out Thine Light," by Gounod; and "Emitte Spiritus Tumm," by Schnetky. Other selections which were sung by the chorus were, "Calm as the Night," by Bohn; "Salvejog's Song," by Grieg; "Lo, How a Rose," by Prateorius; "The Drum," by Gibson; and the "Winter Song," by Bullard.

The musical numbers were presented in the evening at the Atchison Memorial Hall. The orchestras and

choruses from the seven schools were under the direction of Joseph Maddy, University of Michigan, and George Bowen, supervisor of music in Tulsa, Oklahoma Public Schools.

Another musical activity was the annual music week program presented by the public schools of Kansas City, Kansas, at Memorial Hall during the week of April 23-27.

Students of the fifth and sixth grades opened the week with a musical program accompanied by the Wyandotte High School band.

Wyandotte also contributed their talent on the high school night program by furnishing its orchestra and the boys' and girls' glee clubs.

Pupils of the kindergartens and elementary grades closed the week with their presentation on the last day.

Thus, the notes and bars trooped their way through this school year, opening to students a highway of harmonious adventure and providing for many the joys of beauty in music.

# The Unsuspected Bandit

IT WAS a big gray house situated on a large hill in the southern part of Tulsa, Okla. Mary stood on the porch and screamed at her dog, "You get out, you mean thing, and don't come back." With that she rushed into the house and upstairs.

Mary sat in her bedroom that night, with the lights out trying to figure out why she had become angry at Skippy, her dog, and whipped him when he had jumped at her. She had been so angry she hadn't thought of what she was doing; and his paws were so dirty.

Skippy would have been truly wonderful company now that she was alone in the house. Oh, why had she ever hit him and chased him out doors; and now he was gone. Even though she had called him back he hadn't looked around as he raced down the hill with his ears pressed flat to his head.

"Dear! what was that noise?" Probably Mother and Dad coming home." Mary suddenly straightened up and reached for the light switch, then, checked herself as she heard a more peculiar noise downstairs. This time she knew it was neither of her parents.

Immediately thoughts flashed through her mind. Those bandits who had escaped from the prison! What if it were one of them. She suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to lock the door after she let Skippy out. It probably was open now and she must do something quickly. "That noise is going about from room to room. Sounds like footsteps. There goes a door; I know it is those bandits! Oh! where is Skippy?

"I have it, I'll try to get out and get a horse, maybe I can make it to the Briggs' house, then I'll telephone the police. Still, that gun in father's desk; he certainly won't mind. Oh—the bandit is coming up the steps. Now I'll never get out, unless I go through the window. Ah! I'll make it down the gutter pipe. Ouch! There goes my stocking and half my leg with it."

Mary finally managed to get down the pipe without anyone knowing it, at least the bandit didn't hear it, for as she slid down she heard a loud crash in the house and someone or something falling downstairs.

"Oh! darn it," she exclaimed as she looked toward the stables, "the men have taken the horses to town, and I certainly can't walk a mile to the Briggs' house —I'd probably never make it." Just then something crashed through the front screen door and disappeared.

At that moment her leg began to smart and feel wet; without thinking, she ran into the house and turned on the lights in the kitchen. What a sight met her eyes. Spots of mud, all over the floor. Upon careful examination she found the other rooms clean. How strange, surely a bandit takes no time to dirty up a floor in one room like that.

"What was that!" she cried. "Oh! Skippy, you bandit!" In he came, splattered with mud, his tail wagging wildly, and his eyes saying, "Hello."

—Stella Evango, '35

# Pape's Pink Pills

MR. Jasper Giggins was accustomed to taking Pape's Pink Pills regularly. Several pills a day at regular intervals gave him a feeling of security; so he always had a large supply from Dr. Beulah lying around almost any place in the house.

Mrs. Giggins' pride was her neighborhood bridge club; each week she dressed up and sallied out to an afternoon of cards. Always she felt well dressed if she wore her strand of beads from the Hawaiian Islands, where she and Jasper had spent their vacation one year before the depression.

When she started in a rush that afternoon her lovely necklace hooked onto a door knob and the beautiful beads scattered over the floor. Mrs. Giggins was disgusted enough to leave them there, but thought better of it and stopped to gather them up. Hurriedly she poured them into an empty box on the mantle and hurried to the bridge party.

Dinner was late that evening as Mrs. Giggins had stayed late at her friend's house. As a result Mr. Giggins was very grouchy and the two hardly spoke all through the evening. He was so angry he almost forgot to take his pills, but just before he retired and when he had just donned his night shirt, he thought of it and started out to do it. His nightshirt was very short and not a bit becoming, and so he was very careful to leave the rooms in darkness. After stubbing both toes and skinning a shin while looking for them (he was determined not to ask Mrs. Giggins where they were—he found his pills on the mantle. Mumbling all the while about their being in such a place, he stumbled into the kitchen and swallowed the little spheres.

Mr. and Mrs. Giggins, their anger abated somewhat during the night, were talking during breakfast the next morning.

"Those pills don't seem to do me good any more. I'll have to take more," ejaculated Mr. Giggins.

Mrs. Giggins merely yawned and proceeded into their boudoir to take the curlers out of her hair.

Jasper kissed Mrs. Giggins and left for work. Mrs. Giggins, like a dutiful wife, cleaned up the house, washed the dishes, and dressed herself up also. In the afternoon after lunch, she collected materials necessary to string her broken beads and reached on the mantle for the box containing them.

The box was gone; frantically she poked here and there until she found a box labeled Pape's Pink Pills. Jasper had forgotten them or had taken her beads. What a thought!

In a frenzy she waited for Mr. Giggins to return from work, pacing the floor and wringing her hands the while. Finally, she heard his step on the porch. She rushed to the door, threw it open and cried hysterically, "Jasper Giggins! Do you know what you have done?" Here she thrust the box of pills into his hands and finished.

"You have taken—swallowed my very best beads instead of your Pape's Pills and I'll never be able to get any more," here she stopped and smiled brightly; "unless we go to Hawaii this year for our vacation."

—Helen Wilson, '35

# Singing Through The Rain

IT WAS a lovely spring morning in Hillsboro. Over the little city hovered a silent peace. It was the kind of morning the poets tell about when the heart responds gaily and gladly to the patron saint of youth —Love.

That Barney Eilmann did not fit this mood was very evident. The flash of his brilliant green roadster didn't fit the quiet of the friendly little sreets, either. And the square set of Barney's jaw as he guided the car recklessly through the town didn't seem to show any of the emotion that seemed logical for the season. Moreover, Barney was not the kind of young man who might escape the ravages of that emotion, and he wasn't the type who failed any opportunity to cause the female heart to palpitate wildly and with joyous abandon.

That was the way it was when the crash came, the collision that sent Barney to the hospital and the other man to the undertaker. Barney was lucky, friends said, that it wasn't he who lay still in that black coffin. He had such a future ahead of him and was such a promising young man. Barney only set his teeth tighter and rebelled against the fate that had placed the other man in the peace of that tomb. But, as the time passed, Barney's wish threatened to be fulfilled. During the next few hours, he hovered between life and death.

Ironically enough, Barney remained fully conscious through it all. As he lay there, he reviewed the events that had caused that sullen and determined look in his soul that cried for freedom and went unanswered.

Through his pain he saw his life and saw that it had been lived in vain. There was nothing left in life and he cringed from death. So he lay, thinking, little caring where the tide might carry him.

Yes, he had known what love was. He had thought she did, but he was wrong. Life was that way, and nothing could be done about it, he thought cynically. The birds sang outside his narrow window that overlooked the happy street with gay homes where happiness and life lived on.

Life, a dilemma, with love its goal—but there he stopped. There was a feeling, somewhere, deep, deep, down in himself, that he was wrong, that there was more than love, that life might prove something else, might be a song in the rain.

The curtains were slowly being drawn. Against the blackness of his thoughts loomed the glaring white of the doctor's coat. A murmur of voices, and then, came a soft, golden crown above a symphony of blue.

She had worn blue that last morning—a heavenly blue. That had been the trouble. He sighed as his consciousness became distorted. Heaven and a God. She believed that it made life a song. And he believed in love. In the whispered death-like silence that followed, he heard a voice, like the beating of angels' wings.

"And he answered unto them, 'Through love, ye shall serve and have eternal life."

As the words pierced the mist before him, the darkness passed and the eternal light shone there, never again to leave.

Through Her belief, She had saved Barney. Death had come, but it held no sting. Earthly love had passed away, but the voice in the soul sang clearly through the rain.

—Anonymous.

# And After School Hours

CLUB life at Wyandotte started shortly after the building of the new school at Ninth street and Minnesota avenue in the late '90's. From then on until the burning of that building early last spring the clubs grew with great rapidity until nearly all students enrolled in the high school belonged to some organization. This year, due to insufficient time, a number of clubs were dropped. The students' leisure time was spent in these congenial groups and here they found rest and enjoyment from their classroom routines.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere."
—Dwight.

Students of the second year shorthand classes, known as the office appliance classes, form one of the largest clubs in the school with a membership of 90, united under the name of Tyronian, derived from the name of Julius Caesar's secretary, Tyron. To further interest in commercial subjects and to form closer relationships with the business world is the desire of the club. Local business men and women spoke at meetings held by the club during the year.

*The Tyronians were too many for one picture. The Hi-Y Club added dollars to the Scholarship Fund. The Junior Cubs were organized into a class this year.*

This year Imogene Sell served as president of the group. Ruby Sprague and Anabel Sutherland held the offices of vice president, and secretary-treasurer respectively.

Members are required to serve as assistants in the school office, and to instructors. The club was first organized by Mr. James E. Boyd, former instructor of shorthand. Later it was reorganized by Miss Inez MacKinnon, and now is under the sponsorship of Miss Alta Haynes.

Membership of the Hi-Y was limited to six members this year, due to short periods and division of the student body. The club is under the sponsorship of Marion Divelbiss. Candy was sold by the members at all football and basketball games. Proceeds from the Junior college games and three-fourths of the proceeds from all other games were given to the Junior college scholarship fund. The following filled the offices of the organization: Leslie Marvin, president; Dewey Malcolm, vice president; Bernard Aderholdt, secretary; Alfred Hueben, treasurer; Robert Hamilton, sergeant-at-arms; and William Parsell, program chairman.

TYRONIAN CLUB

TYRONIAN CLUB

HI-Y

CENTRAL JOURNALISM CLUB

Need for news from the freshmen and sophomores of Wyandotte resulted in the organization of the Pantograph Junior Cubs by L. D. Kruger. Due to the removal of Mr. Kruger to Northwest Junior high the club was reorganized under the leadership of Miss Louise Timmer, with a membership of 15.

The members of the club did much the same work as the reporters of the Pantograph. Their assignment consisted of the gathering of news and writing the necessary facts to be sent to the school paper. This Edward Mullens has proved to be a great help this year and will be even more so next year as it will provide the Pantograph with "cubs" that have been trained in the art of news writing. Those members presiding as officers were: Irvin Morgan, president; Arthur Grimes, vice president; and Irene Yarmek, secretary.

The Wyandotte Junior Pep club is new this year, giving to the school a second pep organizations organized under the direction of Principal J. F. Wellemeyer, Vice Principal C. W. Harvey, and sponsor, Miss E. Maude Moles. Requirements for entrance into the club are somewhat the same as those for the Kay Cees. To be one of the first signed up, to be qualified with passing grades, to cooperate, to attend all games and club meetings, and not be reprimanded for misbehavior, are the standards of the group. Even with these qualities limiting its membership it forms the largest single group in the school with about 169 members.

JUNIOR PEP CLUB

JUNIOR PEP CLUB

DEBATE TEAMS

HI-G.R.

At the games, members of the Junior Pep club sat in the balcony directly behind the Kay Cees and added their hearty yells to the voices of that group. Each member was issued a button which he wore proudly.

The purpose of the organization is, "To hold the spirit of Wyandotte in its traditional union, although the student body is doing its scholastic work in two separate groups."

Officers elected were: Betty Jo McConley, president; Frances Hammond, vice president; Lucille Jennings, secretary; Betty Lou Waite, treasurer; and Lyle Wait, sergeant-at-arms.

Resolved: "That the federal government should adopt the policy of equalizing educational opportunity throughout the nation by means of annual grants to the several states for public, elementary, and secondary education," is the question debated by the high school debaters of the United States. Under the coaching of Miss Mirzanell Evans, and Mr. L. D. Kruger, who took Miss Evans' place after Christmas, a few members of Wyandotte's student body were able to join the various tournaments and single debates to try to win new honors for their school.

The debaters this year were: Eldon Smith, Jack Watkins, John Oakson, Gerald Bigger, Harriet Kruger, Brewster Powers, William Pickell, Milton Worlow, Milton Deutch, Sylvia Walinow, and Samuel Qualls. Five of these were lettermen from last year.

*A peppy and large bunch is that Junior Pep Club. The debaters went places this year. The Hi-GR. is the character-building group among the girls.*

Some of the high schools whose teams Wyandotte debated were: William Chrisman of Independence, Mo., Ward, Westport, Manual Training, Greeley, Chanute, Osawatomie, DeSoto, and Ft. Scott. Tournaments attended were those held at Topeka, Osawatomie, and the regional tournament held at Lawrence. All members who had taken part in enough debates were awarded large "W's" on which the word debate appears.

"Caseys," small yarn dolls of "Crimson and White," Wyandotte's school colors, were made and sold to the student body by the Hi-GR, a character-building organization for girls. The girls also made and sold cookies to the student body this year. At the first of the school year they conducted a book exchange for students who desired to buy or sell books.

The Girl Reserves are under the sponsorship of several instructors—Inez MacKinnon, Reva Lint, and

Gladys Beck. "Our Changing World," was their theme this year.

Maribel Rogers was the president of the group during the last school term. Other officers were Marjorie Wright, vice president, Ruth Packard, secretary, and Jean Barker, treasurer. Following are the chairmen of the various committees: Marguerite Phelps, program; LaVada Nestlerode, social; Alice Mae Phelps, art; Alice Wreath, service; Jackie Pollock, ring; Esther Cooper, music; and Barbara Allen, finance. Thirty members were enrolled in the organization. Meetings were held during morning hours at the Y. W. C. A. building, Sixth street and State avenue.

# A Philosopher

*Esther Asner*

MY grandfather, may he rest in peace, was indeed a venerable philosopher. A man of medium height, he bore himself with such dignity that one was given the impression that he was a tall man. He dressed in a style befitting a man of his years, always immaculately groomed, with his shoes well-shined, his trousers correctly creased, and his person neat and clean.

Being independent of others, and living on a moderate income, he devoted himself to study. He believed strongly in the adage that "it is never too late to learn." His scope of reading ranged from the daily newspapers to the Bible. His opinion always had great weight whenever a difficult question would arise, for his long years of study caused him to adopt an unbiased attitude while he was reading. After finishing an article, he would sit for an hour perhaps, stroking his beard, meditating the topic at hand. When he reached a conclusion, it was very seldom that he had difficulty in convincing others that his was the correct view.

There were two things my grandfather enjoyed more than anything else. He was especially fond of discussing a problem during mealtimes. A question would be put to him by a member of the family, but for several moments the old gentleman would continue with his eating as if nothing were said. Because of this, a stranger would have been led to believe that he had not heard the question, but he soon raised his eyes to the inquirer, and between the various courses of the meal would emphasize his views with the wave of a knife or fork, or any other utensil which might be in his hand. The Hauptmann case would have been discussed between the soup and the roast and settled between the potatoes and the prunes.

His second great love was for my baby brother, his youngest grandchild. He had sixteen grandchildren in all, four of whom he had never seen as they were in Europe. The feeling between the youngest and oldest of the family was mutual, for Eddie prized every possession given him by his grand-dad.

Grandfather's residence was a good distance from our home. Since I enjoy driving fast, I would proceed to do so when driving him home. One would expect him, an elderly man, to object. On the contrary, he had often complained of riding in street cars because they were so slow. He would usually sit back in the automobile, relax, and nonchalantly smoke and observe everything as the car sped on.

As a man of seventy-three, he had not resigned himself to old age, but had retained unusual activity. I had often found it difficult to keep up with his pace when walking. He always had a bit of philosophy to apply to everyday occurrences. He had adopted a superior attitude, not in the sense of being above others, but with the consciousness that he was more learned than the average individual, and with a willingness to impart his knowledge to others. He was, indeed a joy to those who admire knowledge and happiness in old age.

# A Woodland Party

The fairies gave a party,
  The flowers all were there.
They surely were a picture
  With faces bright and fair

The grass spread the carpet;
  The moss covered each chair;
The stately Jack-in-the-Pulpit,
  He led them in a prayer.

They had a grand march with prizes,
  And each one told his name.
Then they chatted for an hour;
  Then played a guessing game.

Refreshments they were given
  When the noise came to a stop.
There was fresh air and moonlight
  Served with a sparkling dew drop.

They were sad when the time came to part
  They liked so much to stay,
But when the sunrise came again
  They must be growing the usual way.

—Elizabeth Masters, '36.



# Elmer The Great

*Robert Woodworth*

"HANDS UP!"

The command hit Elmer almost like a "sock in the jaw." He almost dropped the stack of accountant's books with which he was struggling. They tottered perilously and almost crashed to the floor. Steadying himself, Elmer set them down and peeped cautiously through a hole in the rear panels.

Up front he could see Westlake with his hands in the air. He could also see another man, this one clutching a gun and talking to Westlake in low commanding tones.

Says Elmer, "I'm not so dumb; I can see this is a hold-up."

Elmer was the overworked Office Boy and Broom Pusher for Dunham Jewelers Inc.; and for him, at 8:30 in the morning the realization that this was a robbery was indeed an amazing deduction.

A hold-up; and all the money was in the safe. Thinks Elmer, "The hold-up man is out of luck, because the safe is locked. Yes, the safe is locked and the "safe-opener" doesn't appear until nine o'clock."

Elmer stood and argued with himself this extraordinary point for some fleeting seconds. Having argued the point, Elmer came to the conclusion that "Mister Heist" would remain until nine o'clock. This deduction completed, Elmer decided to retire stealthily to the wash-room upstairs and lock himself inside.

The man with the gun was busily counting the freckles on Mr. Westlake's face as a pastime. He was facing the front and, says Elmer, "Now's my chance."

Cautiously he crept through the door and out into the tension of the "room of conflict." Hugging the wall, he proceeded toward the stairs.

Half-way in his stealthy, creeping way up the stairs, Elmer became conscious that something was weighting him down. Investigating, he discovered, to his amazement, that he was carrying accountant's books. "Force of habit," thinks Elmer, "Too late to set them down, now."

After much painful laboring, he gained the top step. Now, only a short balcony lay between him and safety.

Having reached the farther end of said balcony, Elmer experienced a mad, overwhelming desire to look down on the scene below. Against his better judgment, he retraced his steps toward the railing.

With his eye glued to the railing, Elmer failed to notice the upturned edge of a very tricky carpet.

"Oh-mi-gosh," says Elmer very loudly as he pitches forward. Elmer stopped at the railing, but thirty pounds of "well kept" accountant's books flew in mad flight over the edge and straight at the upturned head of Mr. Heist who had turned, gun in hand, to cope with this new and unexpected antagonist. "Crash!!" —went the books, and Mr. Heist dropped like a "cold ham," while Elmer lay and moaned in death terror on the balcony above.

Elmer-the-Great had made good.

# News of the Day

I pick up the evening papers
  To read the news of the day,
And I see in big black letters
  A baby was stolen away.

I read on and on to the ending
  The saddest news that can be:
The mother o'er an empty crib bending,
  The daddy, heartbroken is he.

Then I turn to another column
  More cheerful things to see
And read where men by the millions
  In bread lines have to be.

My spirits now register zero
  So I turn to the sporting news
To read of some national hero
  And my discouragement lose.

And there I see to my pleasure
  Our team won the game last night;
My spirits go up without measure;
  I can tackle my work with new might.

Come chemistry, English, and cooking
  My courage is riding the tide.
The news of the day is depressing
  And so to my books I'll abide.

—Altheda Berkey.

# We Blue Bloods

**Three cheers for the «stuffed shirts»! They don't always just live and die. Now and then they--------- but read it.**

*Robert Capp*

K. Kensington Overly of the Princeton Overlys was visibly disturbed. He was not accustomed to waiting. What was the matter with that drug store service anyway? Had it not been ten minutes since he had 'phoned for some cigars? Didn't they know who he was? Well, he'd tell that boy plenty when he did come.

At this moment a door marked K. Kensington Overly, President, was opened and his secretary laid a small package on his desk.

"Here are your cigars, Mr. Overly," she said politely.

"Why didn't you send that boy in here, anyway? I wanted to tell him he couldn't trifle with an Overly. We're blue bloods and are not accustomed to waiting on the working class."

"Yes sir," meekly, "but have you begun smoking, Mr. Overly?"

"Please, Miss Larson," with the air of one accused of high treason, "I am a blue blood and am not subjected to cravings for physical recreation and diversion. No, I have not started smoking. I wanted these cigars for my guests who call."

"I don't recall any appointments on the calendar, sir."

"Some one may drop in, and we blue bloods must be courteous, you know. Beside, the fact that I had no immediate need of the cigars gives the drug store no legitimate right or reason to delay service to a blue blood. And now, you may resume your work, Miss Larson."

"Yes, sir."

For half an hour, the gentleman of the blue blood sat at his desk doing nothing. He often mentioned his "long and hard toil," but the most exertion anyone had ever seen him put forth was in pushing patent leather around a dance floor.

His doing nothing was rudely interrupted by Miss Larson.

"Mr. Overly, Mr. Laurence Dillon Brown, president of the "Big 40" club of millionaires of New York, has invited you to attend and speak at their annual banquet."

"Isn't Brown the one who could make a fortune autographing "Blue Books?"

"I believe that is what it is said of him."

"Wire him that I will attend although I must break two appointments. Tell him I am doing this only because a trip to the city will help my health. Even we blue bloods must have some vanity, you know."

Saturday came, and K. Kensington Overly drove out of Princeton, fully aware of his own importance. I say drove, because Mr. Overly always thought that it made him popular with the common people to drive his own car; probably most of them, however, would have felt safer if he employed a chauffeur. He considered himself a very competent driver although it would have been hard to find anyone to agree with him.

Once in New York, he was amazed at the amount of traffic and the way they gave no heed to his rights. To him everyone was driving terribly, except, of course, Mr. Overly of Princeton.

Soon he drove down a long, wide boulevard. When he saw his side street, he turned abruptly without signaling. (Now in Princeton, he had never bothered sticking out his arm. There wasn't enough traffic and anyway no one would prosecute the blue-blooded Mr. Overly if he did hit them.)

It so happens, however, that New York is not Princeton. When he had about half way turned the corner, the back left side of his car was hit in a no uncertain manner by a two-ton truck. A big, bulky Irishman emerged from the cab of his truck.

"Wal of all the - - - saps I ever seen in me life: 'tis the likes of you that mikes streets unsife for honest folk."

After carefully measuring the man, Mr. Overly said, "I assure you, I had no desire to impair the safety of honest people. That would mar the honor of the name of Overly. My man, do you know who I am?"

"I don't care if you're Mary Pickford, I still siy it's lucky you are to do nothing but piy for this mess."

Soon afterward, Mr. Overly was sitting in a garage office while the Irishman talked to the mechanic.

The mechanic's little son stopped in on the way home from school.

"Say, Dad," he said, "What are blue bloods?"

Mr. Overly listened very self-complacently for the reply.

"Blue bloods," began the mechanic, "are poor 'stuffed shirts' who have nothing to do but uphold a family name. In order to do this, they do nothing at all so there will be nothing to mar its high honor. In fact, they can't do anything; no, not even earn one honest dollar."

K. Kensington Overly was annoyed. What was this fellow talking about? Yet, had he ever earned a dollar? Couldn't say that he had. But he hastened to assure himself that he could. By the beard of his blue blooded ancestors, he'd show 'em!

Slowly he arose from his chair, walked to a closet and found a pair of union-alls. He took off his hat and vest and slipped the union-alls over his immaculate white shirt.

In a few minutes, a man stood at the rear door of the garage. Let's see, now, how did you apply for a position, 'er - - uh; - - he meant a job? Should he knock on the door?

At that he grew what he considered very bold.

"I will assume a broad, aggressive attitude and walk right in," he said in a determined voice.

"I say, my man," he began, "could you accommodate a man looking for a chance to earn an honest dollar?"

"Well, see those two cars? Wash those and use the hose and broom on the floor and I'll pay you."

Never was K. Kensington Overly so surprised. Hadn't his family physician warned him of severe physical exertion. Here he must do manual labor! But the honor of the Overly's was in his hands, so he threw caution to the winds.

At the end of two hours a very tired man reported he had finished his task.

The owner paid him one dollar and fifty cents.

Rather unexpectedly, the late employee asked, "Just how much do you believe a blue blood could earn in a lifetime?"

The man thought for a while, then with finality, "Not over twenty-five cents."

"Really, my good man, we're not that bad. In fact, we're a dollar and a quarter better, don't you know!"

# The Hair Tonic Salesman

FROM the gulf to the Great Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there are many high-powered salesmen selling articles varying from brushes to automobiles. This particular story concerns a hair-tonic salesman. He is in an office in a city trying to sell his wares to an old distinguished-looking gentleman. The salesman is talking.

"Sir, I have here in my satchel some marvelous little bottles of Gro-slo hair-tonic. This particular article is not for completely bald men as a special preparation is need for a deadened condition of this type; however, noticing a few bare spots on your head, I am willing to sell you this regular twenty-five cent bottle for three bottles for fifty-seven cents."

"But sir, I ah-er-I—"

"Oh, think nothing of it, I am willing to give you my profit because once you have used this wonderful tonic you will be as fond of it as our millions of other users have been."

"But, I say, er—ah—"

"No, no, my dear sir, this will bring no obligation on your part. I am doing this merely because I want to give you a chance to see what a wonderful product this tonic is."

"Sir, I do not er—ah—that is I—"

"You need not have any qualms, my dear sir, of the real quality, of this Gro-slo tonic. If you like, sir, I will read you letters from many of our millions of contented users."

"But sir, I er—ah—"

"Oh, my dear chap, doubtedlessly you are thinking that this is not the authentic product; however, I shall quiet your fears by showing you the only carton that protects any tonic's freshness and authenticity. Gro-slo is sealed nineteen different ways."

"Sir, I have no use for your cheap, tawdry, hair tonic as I wear a wig, and, sir, even if I needed any I certainly would not buy yours if it were protected four-hundred different ways and would grow hair on a billiard ball."

—Brewster Powers, '36.

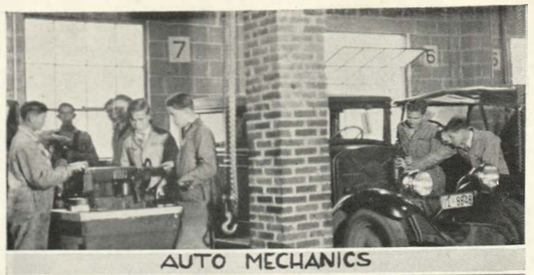
# The Same Old School

Way back in the good old days,
When high school boys were men,
As to the gridiron they did wend
To show their stuff
In a game so rough,
And then,

The girls were taught to cook
And sew and work arithmetic.
But now it's science, art, and math,
Not what to do when baby's sick
Or how to cook
Without a book,
Oh my!

But through it all our school has been
A landmark in this town.
Still the spirit lives and grows
Though the building has burned down,
And we'll still fight
For the red and white
Until the battle's won.

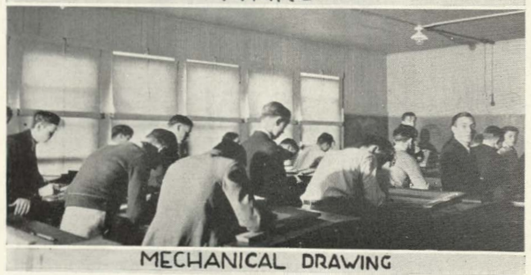
—Harry Young, '35



AUTO MECHANICS

CLOTHING

TYPING



MECHANICAL DRAWING

# Can We Combine?

PROVIDING instruction for twenty-three hundred students in two buildings was no easy task for the administration of Wyandotte. But due to the willingness of the students to study the school year can be called a great success for the advancement made under these trying conditions.

The studies offered to the students covered many fields from mechanics to professions. Many boys were interested in auto mechanics and printing taught by Mr. A. L. Guy and Mr. Paul S. Phelps assisted by Coler Stephens in the shops during the morning hours. Woodworking is also an industrial arts course.

*While the boys tear things up, the girls sew things together. Tap-tapping away, the typists can't annoy our laboring artists bent over their drawing-boards.*

For the girls interested in domestic science, classes were given in clothing and cooking. Students enrolled in the clothing classes learn to select correct styles and colors for themselves and to design and make their own clothes. Clothing made in these classes ranges from wash dresses to coats and suits. Third-year girls study the history of costumes. Work in the foods classes consists of preparing correct diets, and cooking a great variety of foods. Thus, girls of Wyandotte are taught homemaking so as to be prepared for "Prince Charming" and his tastes.

A course of business includes studies necessary to the aspirant for commercial work. Typing teachers have the largest classes in the school. Here students learn to operate a typewriter and study the writing of letters. Shorthand students learn prime elements of various methods of writing during the first year. Second-year students spend their time in learning the technic of business methods and in gaining experience. Each second-year student is required to serve six weeks as secretary to an instructor and many students obtained positions in downtown offices for additional experience. Other commercial subjects are bookkeeping, general business, commercial law, and commercial geography.

English is the most extensive subject taught in the school because every student is required to take it for three years, the fourth year being left to those who wish it. Journalism is also included in the English department. Students in this group who do work on the Pantograph, study news-writing, and help publish the Quiverian.

Besides English, other languages hold the attention of many students. Spanish, French, and Latin are included in the curriculum. Third-year Latin was added to the schedule this year.

All students physically able are required to enroll in three semesters of gym. Here proper methods of developing the body are discussed and fundamentals of the various games are taught. Each year gym shows are given by these classes. They consist of demonstrations of work on the apparatus, tumbling, pyramid building, and dancing.

History still holds its place among the other subjects taught at Wyandotte. World history is studied by many students who desire to know of the lives of the ancients, and the events of European history. Occurrences in America from the time of its discovery are studied by all seniors in American history classes.

Civics, a study of social conditions, is required for



**Can we have both business and pleasure and make it mix? That is the question the faculty, and even our poor students are worrying their heads over. Here is the answer. In this summary of the year's progress in the classes a solution is found.**

freshmen; vocations or general business for sophomores; and constitution for juniors. All are semester courses, required for graduation. Seniors may take economics, another social science course, of one semester.

Art has begun to find its place in the courses of students. Almost every phase of art work is taught at Wyandotte. The art department helps to advertise all activities by the making of posters. The mechanical drawing department helps to make architectural and engineering work understandable to the high school students.

With the elimination of public speaking from the courses last year debaters were at a loss to find some one to coach them. Under the coaching of Miss Mirzanell Evans, however, groups of students were able to continue with their debate work. Again this year, Miss Evans took over the task of coaching the teams When she gave up her position as instructor, Mr. L. D. Kruger continued the coaching of the debate squads. Although all work is done outside class hours, debate is a high school subject.

Since dramatics has also been excluded from the curriculum, students have had their only training in high school by trying out and participating in the class plays. The senior class play was presented December 11, 12, 13, while the junior class presented theirs February 11, 12, 13. Both were under the direction of Miss Lucy T. Dougherty. Miss Besse Helwig directed the Kay Cees' play.

Various kinds of furniture and fancy woodwork test the ingenuity and skill of members of the woodworking department. Mr. J. I. Wolfe is the instructor.

*Learning to win men's hearts through their stomachs and then to read about Macbeth and Chaucer with some handsome boys to break the monotony and then an art class to picture it.*

Since a credit in laboratory science is required before one can graduate from Wyandotte a large number of students are enrolled in chemistry, physics, biology, botany, and physiology. General science is a study of the most important parts of all sciences. Many students have taken this subject although it does not count as a laboratory science.

Students who care to know more about the human body and all those interested in medical work study biology and physiology. In this study is given a complete history as of the development of the human body the other living organisms besides man. All living plants hold the interest of those students who are engaged in the study of botany.

*Edward Mullens*

For those who enjoy the technique of scientific mathematics there is physics, a study of light, heat, mechanics, sound and electricity. In this subject the student is able to learn accurately about familiar things. A desire of many boys, and a few girls is to find out what can be made by result of chemical action and what causes reactions of chemicals. This desire is fulfilled by the course in chemistry offered to juniors and seniors.

Another branch of study closely related to science is the field of mathematics. A very extensive course in this field is open to the students of Wyandotte. The purpose of these subjects is to acquaint students with their technical, scientific, and cultural phases. Many interesting designs and models are made by the students of plane and solid geometry.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, is taught by

FOODS

LANGUAGE

GYM

ART

Miss Lorraine Ellis and Mr. Edwin A. Hosking to a large group of students. Miss Ellis held classes at both Central and Northwest in the afternoons, while Mr. Hosking could be found training his band and orchestra for their performances, in the morning, at Sartin hall.

# Old Wyandotte

There is a school called Wyandotte
That has been for many years
A school of cherished memories
For those who love it dear.

Who could forget those happy days
Of studies, sports, and fun;
Or the old clock with the smiling face
That greeted everyone?

There were days of magic happiness
And days of deepest woe.
There were days of great anxiety
That no one failed to know,

And through it all, those days so dear
Ran one great stream of thought:
An everlasting loyalty
To good old Wyandotte.

Though, old friend, you are no more,
We'll always cherish you
And be inspired by your name
Which always is so true.

Though life continues onward
And others come and go,
We'll always keep aglow.
The spirit of old Wyandotte

—Annice Hammond, '36.

# Is It Youth's Turn?

ON every hand we hear people says, "What about the youth? What does the future offer for him? How about the debt that is piling up for those of tomorrow to meet? Well, all I can say is that I'm glad I'm not in their snares." Such is the outlook of hundreds the country over.

But now look at it from the other side. The youth of today can be compared with a steel spring, bent far back. What's to keep it from resuming its position when those who hold it down deem it their time to release it?

None of us can imagine our pioneer forefathers living on a dole or accepting charity such as is now being offered to those who wish to accept it. From our study of heredity, we know certain characteristics sometimes skip a generation and then return to follow in their old course. I am confident that this is exactly the situation in which we are now.

If more people would assume this carefree attitude of youth and let nature take its course instead of hindering it, the situation would show a chance of getting better a great deal sooner.

I ask you not to pity the youth of today, but to see if this reformation cannot be started as a final to those who now "pass us the torch, ours to hold it high," and rest assured we will meet our tasks in the best possible way.

—Marvin Parker '35

# Twilight

It's twilight, and the sun is sinking down
Among the tops of mountains clad in green,
Its golden rays above the rugged peaks
Gives to the sky and land a bronze-like sheen.

The moon in all its splendor's rising now
To rule the sky 'til morning comes in sight.
Last rays of sun still beam as if to say
That all is well; then bid the earth goodnight.
Faint breezes rustle through the trees that stand

Like sentinels so proudly in the dark,
And in the stillness can be heard the call
That's coming from a lonely meadow-lark.

Black night is quickly creeping o'er the land,
And stars like diamonds twinkle in the sky.
The flowers have drooped bright-colored heads in sleep,
And birds have gone to rest in nests on high.

Now all the land is quiet and is still.

Except for crystal waters murmuring low
A splendor no imagery could trace!
They seem to tell of lands where they have been,
And from the moonlight's silver beams they glow.
These flowers, the sun, the moon, its silver beams,
Are works divine of God who put them there
For us to love. More beautiful than dreams.

—Helen Wolters, '35



# Our Sacred Flame

SOMEHOW, life means little if it is not well rounded. It is but empty froth when it offers only the ability to be a social success. Sooner or later, the *socialite* becomes dizzy in the midst of the social whirl. Neither is there true worth in being able to repeat from a book, word for word, the account of the Battle of Saratoga or the definitions of several thousand chemical terms.

To be honorable and honest is to have character but a character without knowledge or service is to have a worthless quality. There is a simple problem needed to present the solution of a happy and full life. The first thing we learned to do in arithmetic was to add. So here we add leadership, scholarship, character, and service and it equals a member of the National Honor Society.

Surely, no higher compliment can be offered to a person than to say that his was a worth-while life. A life full of qualities like this is one that gives forth a light which shines on the lives of others. Thus the "Sacred Flame" perpetuates all that is good, that is true, that is beautiful in a human life.

Then, not strange but fitting, comes the sistership between the spirits of Wyandotte and the "Sacred Flame." Chapter 331 extends its circle of light farther and farther as year by year the leaders of the graduating classes come humbly and gratefully to petition the bearers of the flame for admission.

From the upper third of the class, fifteen per cent of the students are chosen to represent their class in the rolls of this honorary group. These students were chosen from the senior class of 1935.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Adams, Thomas | Grimes, Blaine | Sanders, Richard |
| Anderson, J. W. | Hessell, Dorine | Schweder, Henry |
| Babcoke, Carl | Higby, Mary Beth | Sears, Dorothy |
| Bigger, Gerald | Holmes, Rosemary | Sell, Imogene |
| Boeth, Almeda | Holmes, Shiloh | Selmer, Josephine |
| Bruce, Mary Jane | Hooser, Dorothy | Sessums, Shirley |
| Buschhusen, Lois | Horseman, Robert | Simmons, Marjorie |
| Carr, Doris | Hylton, Helen | Smith, Eldon |
| Carr, Edward | Julian, Jane | Smith, Harriet |
| Chaplin, Margaret | Keller, Kenyon | Sprague, Ruby |
| Cissna, Kathleen | Kruger, Harriet | Sprout, Teddy |
| Clarke, William | Leffler, Alice | Sussex, James |
| Crary, Ruby | Lubibratovich, Daisy | Swisher, Evelyn Rose |
| Cunningham, Barclay | McCroskey, Walter | Teters, Marguerite |
| Deutch, Milton | Martin, Hazel | Thomas, George |
| Doneghe, Vernon | Meseraull, Paul | Thompson, Audrie |
| Downs, Mary Frances | Mourning, Betty | Toelle, Josephine |
| Dreier, Clarence | Mullens, Edward | Watkins, Jack |
| Emery, Melva | Nohe, Philip | Watts, Marguerite |
| Evango, Stella | Nowosinske, Vete | Welty, Kathryn |
| Faulkner, Lyman | Peck, Mary | Wentzel, Marjorie |
| Ferluga, Lillian | Phelps, Marguerite | Willdermood, Ella |
| Figley, Willard | Pickell, William | Wilson, Helen |
| Fincke, Jack | Pierce, Robert | Wolfe, Edmond |
| Gates, Margaretta | Ramsey, Geraldine | Wright, Margie |
| Gieck, Joe | Rogers, Maribel | Young, Harry |
| Gosney, Eugene | Ruark, Lewis | |

In a lovely and very impressive ceremonial with the ritual written for the occasion by Miss Vaughn, who is a former teacher of Wyandotte, the consent of the former members to the entrance of the new members is given and the recruits are pledged to a life worthy of the "Sacred Flame." The ceremonial this year was given Tuesday, May 7, in the auditorium of Northwest Junior High.

This ceremonial, which has been given each year of the eleven years of the chapter at Wyandotte, was organized by Miss Violetta Garrett who has sponsored the group during this period.

After the initiates are brought inside and the door locked until the next year, the most important event is the banquet which provides a celebration for the new members. This year the banquet was planned by the alumni under the direction of the officers, Otis Swart, '28, Marian Trembly, '29, Cruise Palmer, '34, and Sarah Griffith, '32, and the faculty advisors, Miss Alta Haynes, Miss Nelle James, and Miss Josephine Blades. It was held at the Washington Avenue Methodist-Episcopal Church on May 10.

Carrying forward the flame, the alumni provided a scholarship last year for a member of the society of 1934. The fund was provided by asking each member to donate a certain amount of the money for this purpose.

And so the bearers of the "Sacred Flame" carry on, growing in numbers, in leadership, service, character, and scholarship. This year the petitions of these students have been heard and they will do their share in keeping the glow bright.

This poem comes from the initiation ceremonial and is the opening explanation which is given by the "Spirit of Achievement."

"You of the living present are gathered here today
In homage to the Sacred Flame that lights this school,
And makes of it a sanctuary of ideals.
Man does not live by bread alone—it is the spirit
That warms his soul and lifts his eyes unto the hills.
I, who am Achievement, know that naught of worth is wrought
Save it be tempered in the fire of Character,
And if it be not wrought in loving Service, it is dross.
Oft, I find need of Leadership, brave and judicious,
With mind strengthened and enriched by Scholarship.
These are the beacon-fires that girt this school
And their warm glow we call 'The Sacred Flame!'
And now, as memory calls to mind the past,
The stronger since so much of change has come,
We see pictured here our teasured heritage,
The lights and shadows of the days gone by,
Visions of those who dreamed great dreams,
And gathered treasures for this earthly store.
Into the pattern of our school they wove
With silken threads, traditions
And hung upon the walls of time their trophies,
To speak of great achievements."

# After Graduation Where Are We?

**Despite social and economic unrest during school days, seniors display optimistic and hopeful attitudes for the future years.**

*Almeda Boeth*

TIME marches on—another senior class is graduating and 533 students have advanced one step nearer to their pinnacle of success. These seniors are graduating with an optimistic view of the future. Some are graduating with a definite goal in mind while others are still uncertain as to their future vocation.

Some of these seniors will be more or less reluctant to leave their school where they have formed many lasting friendships and acquaintances. Others, who have looked forward to graduating and receiving their diplomas, will have completed their school education and will begin their practical education in some field of endeavor which they have chosen.

These seniors have lived in a time of great social and economic unrest, but in spite of this fact they have been able, through strong determination and will, to obtain an education When even the best minds of the country are uncertain as to the proper procedure to correct these social and economic ills, these same seniors look forward with high hopes, feeling that by the knowledge they have obtained through educational facilities of Wyandotte High School together with higher learning which they hope to obtain, they have prepared themselves to master these problems. Therefore, it is with an optimistic view that this fine body of young men and women look toward the future.

The senior class of 1934-35 ranks high in school spirit and cooperation. It is a class which makes the Wyandotte faculty feel that their untiring efforts were worth while.

Since the burning of "Old" Wyandotte in 1934 the school has been divided into two units. This arrangement has made it somewhat difficult for the lowerclassmen to become better acquainted with the upperclassmen, although several assemblies have been held at Memorial hall during the year.

Officers elected by the class are: Eugene Gosney, president; James Sussex, vice-president; Doris Belle Waite, secretary; and Marjorie Simmons, treasurer. Much credit goes to Miss Lulu McCanles, class sponsor, and these officers for making this a very successful year.

The senior play, "Dollars to Doughnuts," under th direction of Miss Lucy T. Dougherty, was an outstanding achievement of the season. This play was a new kind of farce by Glen Hughes, and concerned two daughters whose love affairs, with the assistance of an aunt and a preacher, provided many comic situations. The following seniors were members of the cast: Shiloh Holmes, Marjorie Simmons, Dorothy Bettye Hooser, Margaret Ann Walker, Wylla Hunter, William Pickell, Walter McCroskey, Philip Nohe, Hoyal Amos, and Clifford Nesselrode.

Many interesting and entertaining assemblies were held throughout the year.

The main purpose of these assemblies was to furnish educational as well as recreational entertainment for the student body.

At one assembly the Kubik Ensemble entertained the upperclassmen with a program consisting of several solos and trio numbers. The ensemble included Evelyn Kubik, the mother, and her three sons, Howard, pianist, Henry, cellist, and Gail, violinist.

Dr. W. A. Erwin delivered an interesting speech entitled, "Conditions of the Present Time," at another assembly. He stressed the fact that if one takes the profit out of war there would be no war.

Another musical assembly was presented to the students at which several solo and trio numbers were given. The following members of the Horner Conservatory of Music participated in the program: Miss Rose Ann Carr, Mr. Milan Mahale, Mrs. Catherine Wellemeyer Farley and Miss Alma Jaggard.

An unusual demonstration of electrons was given by C. E. Jones. He displayed a mechanical man and other interesting apparatus.

The White Hussars presented an interesting and colorful entertainment to the upperclassmen at another assembly. The company consisted of Herbert Petrie, director; Mrs. Petrie, J. L. Greenup, Burke C. Morissey, and Ben Ritythaler.

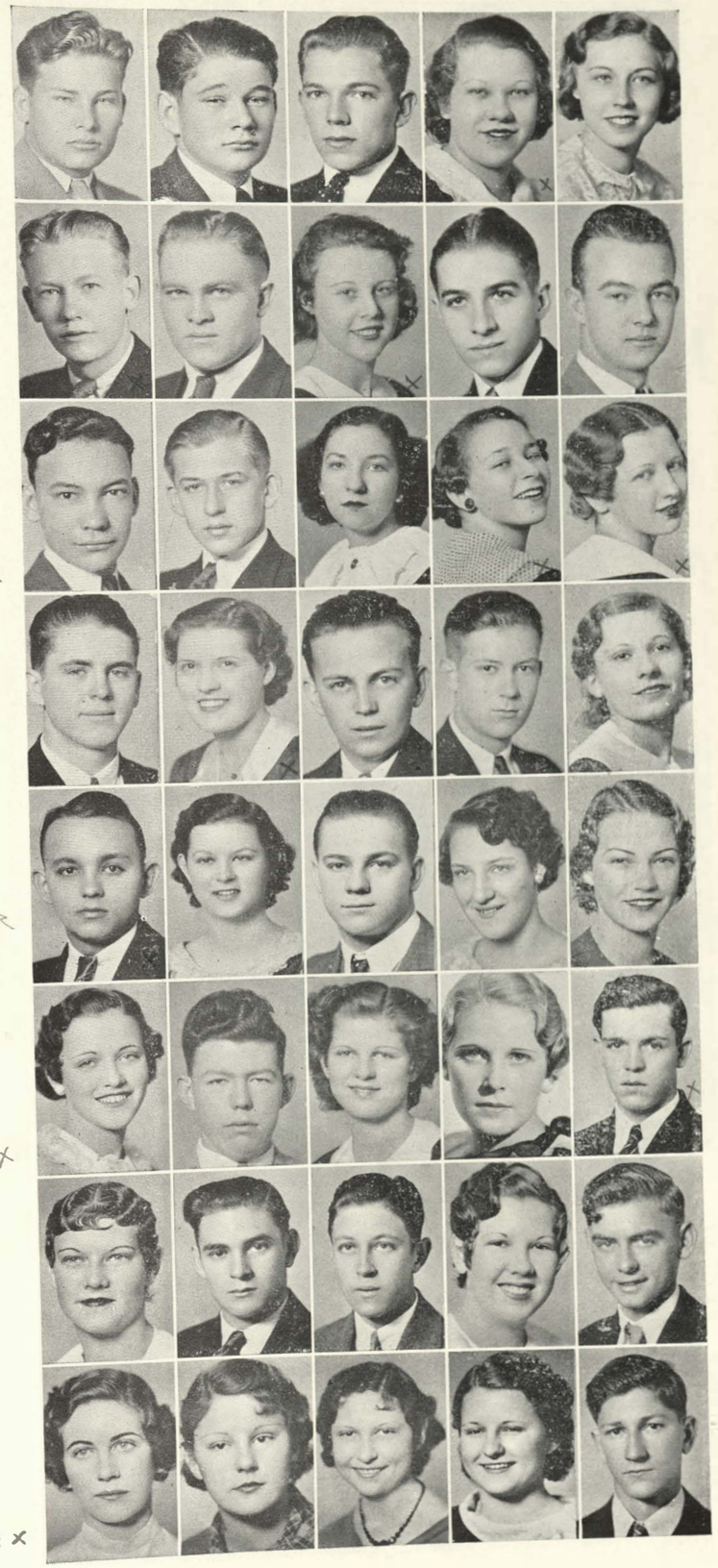
A senior business meeting was held at which questionnaires were filled out by the students and the question of dues and fees for caps and gowns was discussed by Principal Wellemeyer.

The commencement speakers, who were chosen by the class and members of the faculty, are as follows:

(Continued on Page 42)



VERNON ADAMS
THOMAS ADAMS
GERALD AIKENS
BARBARA ALLEN
HELEN ALLEN
MELVIN ALLEN
IRWIN ALWAY
ELEANOR AMEND
HOYAL AMOS
GERALD ANDERSON
J. W. ANDERSON
ALBERT ARMBRUSTER
LORENE ASCH
ESTHER ASNER
MILDRED AVISE
CARL BABCOCKE
GERALDINE BADGER
HARVEY BAKER
CHARLES BALES
UDINE BALL
JAMES BARE HR
MARTHA BARE
LOUIS BARVICK
GEORGIA EVELYN BARNETT HR
BERDINE BATES
GERALDINE BATES
JACK BATTY
EDNA BEATTY
DOROTHY BEEBE
LLOYD BENEDICT
LOUISE BENNETZEN HR
LEROY BENNAGE
MORTON BENSON
BERDINE BERNARD
GERALD BIGGER
HELEN BLAKE
MILDRED BLAKE
JUANITA BLAKEMORE
ALMEDA BOETH
FRED N. BOSILJEVAC



WILLARD BOWLIN
FRANCIS BOYCE
HELEN BRADFORD
JOHN BRADFORD
VIRGINIA BRADSHAW
WINNIE BRALY
GORDON BRAUN
MILDRED BRAY
JACK R. BREIDENTHAL
CHARLES BROOKS
EARL BROTHERSON
BEULAH BROWN
HOWARD BROWN
EARL BROWNE
LEONARD BROWNE
ROBERTA BROWN
MARY JANE BRUCE
ROSAMARY BRUNK
ROBERT BRUSH
MILDRED BRYAN
ROBERT BUCKLES
HERMAN BURANDT
VIRGINIA BURKETT
LOIS E. BUSCHHUSEN
WAYNE BUTLER
JAMES CADY
GERALDINE CAHILL
FRANK CALL
DESPO CALLAS
FRED CALLOWICH
JAMES CARPENTER
DORIS CARR
EDWARD CARR
PETE CARR
JUANITA CHAIN
MARGARET CHAPLIN
HELEN CHAPMAN
WANETA CHILDERS
KATHLEEN CISSNA
EDWIN CLARK



WILLIAM CLARKE
HELEN CLAUNCH
MILDRED COBB
LOUIS COHN
PAUL COLEMAN
LUCILLE COMBS
ESTHER COOPER
WAYNE COOPER
HAZEL COPLEY
FORREST CORDILL
AUDREY COSTELLO
EMILY COWAN
DORRACE COX
DONLEY CRANOR
RUBY CRARY
EMMAJENE CREED
MILDRED CREGAN
ISABELLE CROSS
DONALD CROWLEY
ROBERT CROWLEY
BARCLAY CUNNINGHAM
TOM CUNNINGHAM
JAMES CURRY
RUTH CUSHMAN
JACQUETTA DAGLEY
BEATRICE DAVIDSON
LESTER DAWE
BERNICE DeBORD
ROBERT DENNETT
MILTON DEUTCH
VIVIAN DOAK
VERNON DONAGHE
MARY FRANCES DOWNS
JOHN DRASKOVICH
CLARENCE DREIER
EDWARD DUY
HELEN DYE
DAVID EDWARDS
MELVA EMERY
VIRGINIA ENGEL

WILLIAM ERNST
RICHARD ESTES
STELLA EVANGO
THOMAS J. EVANS
KENNETH EVERETT
CLENDON FAHERTY
LYMAN FAULKNER
CHARLES FAUS
LILLIAN FERLUGA
LEONARD FIEMAN
MINNIE FITE
WILLARD FIGLEY X
JACK FINCKE
BRUCE FLANDERS
ROBERT FLETCHER X
THELMA FLYNN X
FRANCES FORSYTHE
JOHN FRANCIS
BIRGER FREDLUND
HARRY FREDLUND
FLORENE FREELAND
BESSIE FRIEDMAN X
HELEN FRIER
JEWELL FUGIT
GAIL FUGATE
EDITH GALLAWAY X
JOE F. GIECK X
MARGARETTA GATES
REX GERBER
GEORGE GAMBILL
CHARLES GILBERT
CLARA MARGARET GILLE X
MARGARET GILMORE
DORA BELLE GITTERMAN
IDA GITTERMAN X
ALVIN GODSEY
ROSE GOEBEL
OLIVER GOMER
HELEN GOODING
MAXINE GORE



EUGENE GOSNEY X
MARION GOSSAGE
OLIVE GRANDI
EVELYN GRAY
MABEL GREENLEE X
EULA GREGORY
NANCY GRESTY
LAWRENCE GRIFFIN
BLAINE E. GRIMES X
GEORGE GRONEMAN
BERT HACKLEY
CLIFFORD HALL X
FREEMAN HALL
EUGENE HALLIER
JACK HAMBY
MARION HAMM
HOWARD HANSON
IMALOU HARLAN
ROBERT HARMON
RUTH HARPER
ELIZABETH HARRIS
DOUGLAS HARROD
JUNE GRAVES
VIRGINIA N. HASHMAN
JOHN HELM
LAWRENCE HELM
NADYNE HENDRICKSON
DORINE HESSELL
WAYNE HICKS
MARY BETH HIGBY X
ANNA JANE HILL
GENE HOEVEKE
RICHARD HOGIN X
HULETT HOLCOMB
ROSEMARY HOLMES
SHILOH HOLMES X
VIRGINIA HOLWICK
DOROTHY BETTYE HOOSER X
HARVEY HOOVER
PATRICIA HOPKINS

FRIEDA HORSEMAN
ROBERT HORSEMAN
RUSSELL HUDSON
WYLLA HUNTER
HELEN HYLTON
NORVEL IRELAND
ARETA JACKSON
GLORIA JARVIS
JACK JENKINS
CARL JOHNSON
JEANETTE JOHNSON
JENNIE JOHNSON
ETHEL EARLE JONES
HERSCHEL JONES
GENEVIEVE JORDON
ANNIE RUTH JOWERS
WILLARD JUDY
JANE JULIAN
RUTH KAHN
CHARLES KAISER
HELEN KALINICH
EDWARD KARDASZ
CHARLES KAVANAUGH
GEORGE KEELER
CATHRYN KELCHNER
KENYON KELLER
MARVIN KELTNER
BERNADINE KEPLER
BERNICE KEPLER
HAZEL KESTER
WALTER KIEC
WILLIAM KIENE
EVA KINCADE
ELMA KING
GLEN KRAPES
CLIFFORD KRUEGER
HARRIET KRUGER
JAMES KYLE
HELEN LABESKY
CELIA LAWRENCE



VIOLET LEATHERWOOD
ROBERT LEDGERWOOD
ALICE LEFFLER
JACK LEFTWICH
O. J. LEWALLEN
VINTON LEWALLEN
HARRY LEWIS
FREDERICK LIGHTFOOT
PERRY LINCH
FLORENCE LIND
GEORGE LINDSAY
MARILEE LOFTIS
WILBERT LONG
ED LORFING
CHARLES LOUSIGNONT
JACK LOWDER
MABEL LOWDER
DAISY LUBIBRATOVICH
JAMES LUCAS
CHARLES LUMSDEN
ROBERT LUNDQUIST
CATHERINE LUNDY
VERONICA LUNDY
FLOYD LYONS
RITA McCARRICK
WALTER McCROSKEY
DOROTHY McCAULEY
HAROLD McDERMOTT
CLAYTON McEVERS
NORMA JEAN McEVERS
VIRGINIA McINTIRE
LEANNA McKENNA
GERALDINE McKENZIE
ALMA McKINLEY
PERCY H. McKINLEY
LUCILLE McMILLAN
BARBARA McNEIL
MILDRED MACK
CHRISTINE MAHANEY
PETE MAHOMET

DEWEY MALCOLM
DOROTHY BELLE MARTIN
HAZEL MARTIN
MARIE MARTIN
VIRGINIA MARTIN
NAOMI LEE MATHEWS
DALE MATHENEY
JAMES MATUJEC
DOROTHY MAUPIN
THELMA MAXFIELD
ANGELINE MAYERLE
BLANCHE MEARS
DON MEDLIN
JUANITA MELTON
HARRIETT MENDENHALL
WAYNE MERILATT
PAUL MESERAULL
LAWRENCE MILLER
MARYETHYLL MILLER
VIVIAN MILLER
GAIL MISCHLICH
JOHN MITCHELL
VELMA MITCHELL
SOPHIE MODJESKY
ALAN MONTGOMERY
VIVIAN MONTGOMERY
RIBBLE MAE MOORE
WARREN MOORS
HAROLD MORGAN
BERNADINE MORRIS
BERNARD MORRIS
DONALD MORRISON
CLARK MORTON
ALBERT MOSIMANN
BILLY MOSSER
BETTY MOURNING
EDWARD MULLENS
LaVETA MYERS
RUBY NASH
GENEVIEVE NELSON



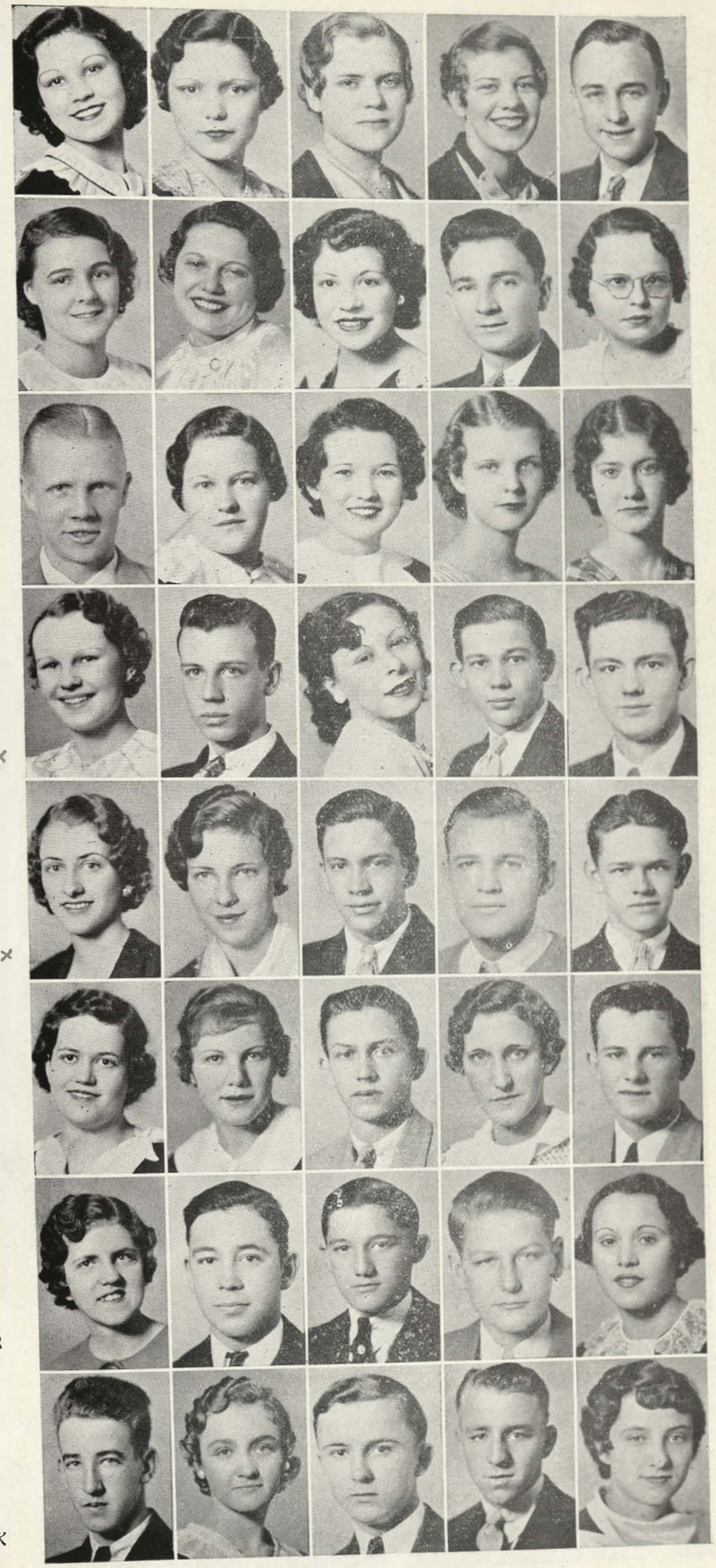


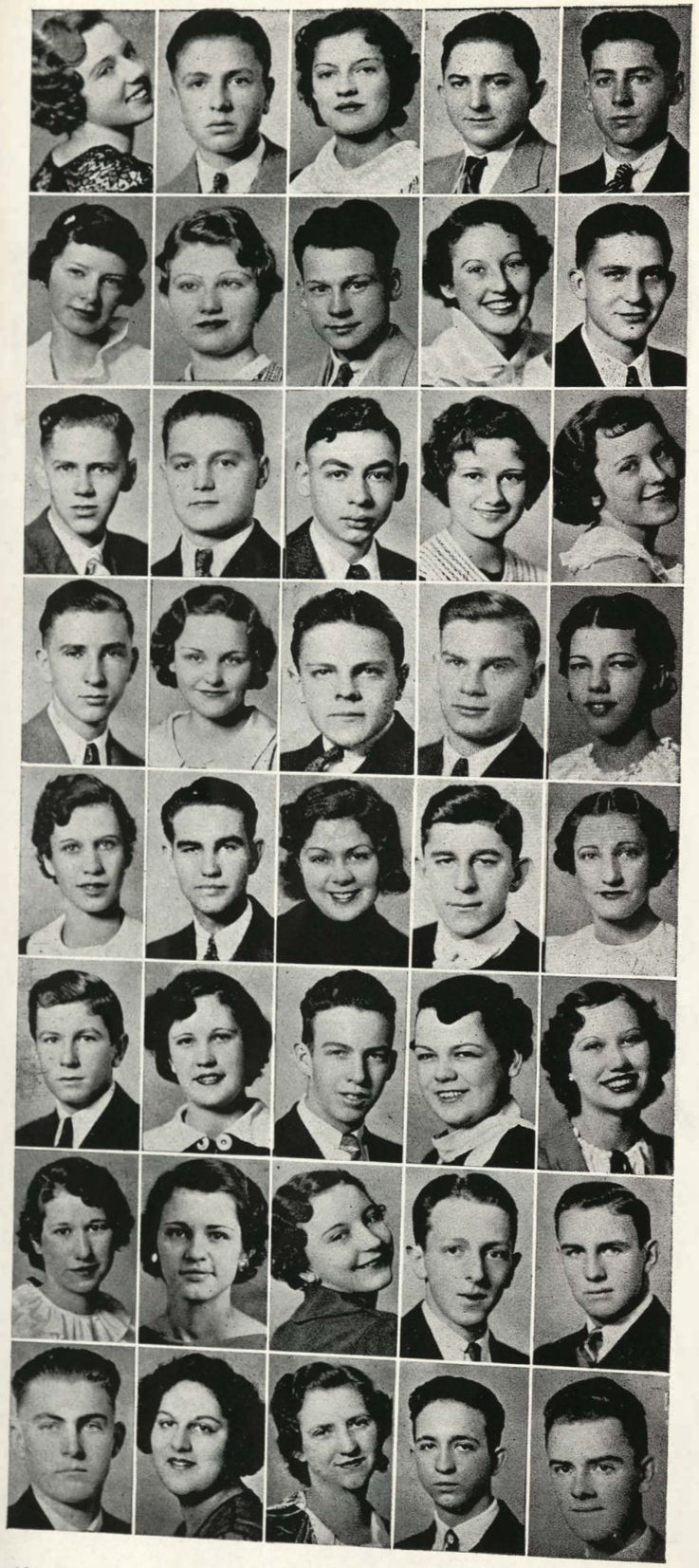
MARGARET NELSON
CLIFFORD NESSELRODE
NEMO NEWKIRK
ELCAR NIELSON
MAY IRENE NICKELL
ELLA NIXON
PHILIP NOHE
KENNETH SWANSON
VETE NOWOSINSKE
MARTHAJANE FRYE
EUGENE OLSON
TONY OZBOLT
RUTH PACKARD
GLENN PALMER
ANNA PARHOMEK
MARVIN PARKER
MABEL PARKS
PAUL PATTON
DORLENE PEARCE
MARY PECK
MARY ELIZABETH PELCH
MARY PENJAK
ROBERT PERET
MARGARET PERKINS
DOROTHY PETERSON
EARL PETERSON
PAUL PETERSON
ALICE PFANKUCHE
ALICE PHELPS
MARGUERITE PHELPS
H. WILLIAM PICKELL
ROBERT PIERCE
ANTIONETTE PIETRZYK
MARY POJE
JEAN POLAND
JACQUELINE POLLOCK
VIRGINIA PORTER
HARRIET POWERS
JOHN PRATHER
LLOYD PRATHER

HARRY PUREL
VERNA MAE PYLES
SAMUEL QUALLS
VELMA QUISENBERRY
AURRETTA RABONY
GERALDINE RAMSEY
JAMES RANK
EDNA MAE RAUSCH
GEORGE REDMOND
ERMA REED
CHARLES REES
ARLENE REYNOLDS
WILLIAM RHEINOLD
DOROTHY RHOADS
HELEN RICHARDSON
OZELL RIDENS
THOMAS RIGDON
BEULAH RILEY
JACK RING
MARTHA RING
HAROLD RISS
FRANCES ROARK
ROBERTA ROARK
CARL ROBERTS
JUANITA ROBB
VANETTE ROBBINS
EILEEN ROBINSON
KENNETH ROCKWELL
MILTON RODENBECK
MARIBEL ROGERS
ANNA ROSKOL
AUDA ROSS
JACK ROTHAUS
DALE ROYER
DOROTHY RUCKEL
LEWIS RUARK
RUTH RUSHWORTH
RICHARD SANDERS
ERNEST SAPP
JAMES SAUNDERS



DELLA ARNOLD
MILDRED SCHELOSKI
CHRISTINE SCHMIDT
LORENA SCHNEIDER
HENRY SCHWEDER
MARY ELLEN SEARS
WILMA SCHOLL
JESSIE SCHOLTZ
LAWRENCE SHEPEK
MARGARET JEANNE SCOTT
WAYNE SHREWSBURY
DOROTHY SEARS
IMOGENE SELL
JOSEPHINE SELMER
SHIRLEY SESSUMS
MAXINE SHARKEY
JUNIOR SHELTON
LUCILLE SHIKLES
RALPH SIBLEY
ROBERT SIBLEY
MARJORIE SIMMONS
MARJORIE SKINNER
HARVEY SLOAN
BILL SLUSSER
ELDON SMITH
HARRIETT SMITH
MILDRED SMITH
NORMAN SMITH
THELMA SMITH
RUSSELL SMITH
RUTH SNYDER
ROBERT SOEDER
GEORGE SOPTIC
BILLY SORENSON
ROSE SPECTOR
RICHARD SPENCE
RUBY SPRAGUE
TEDDY SPROUT
HAROLD STANDEFER
HELEN STERK

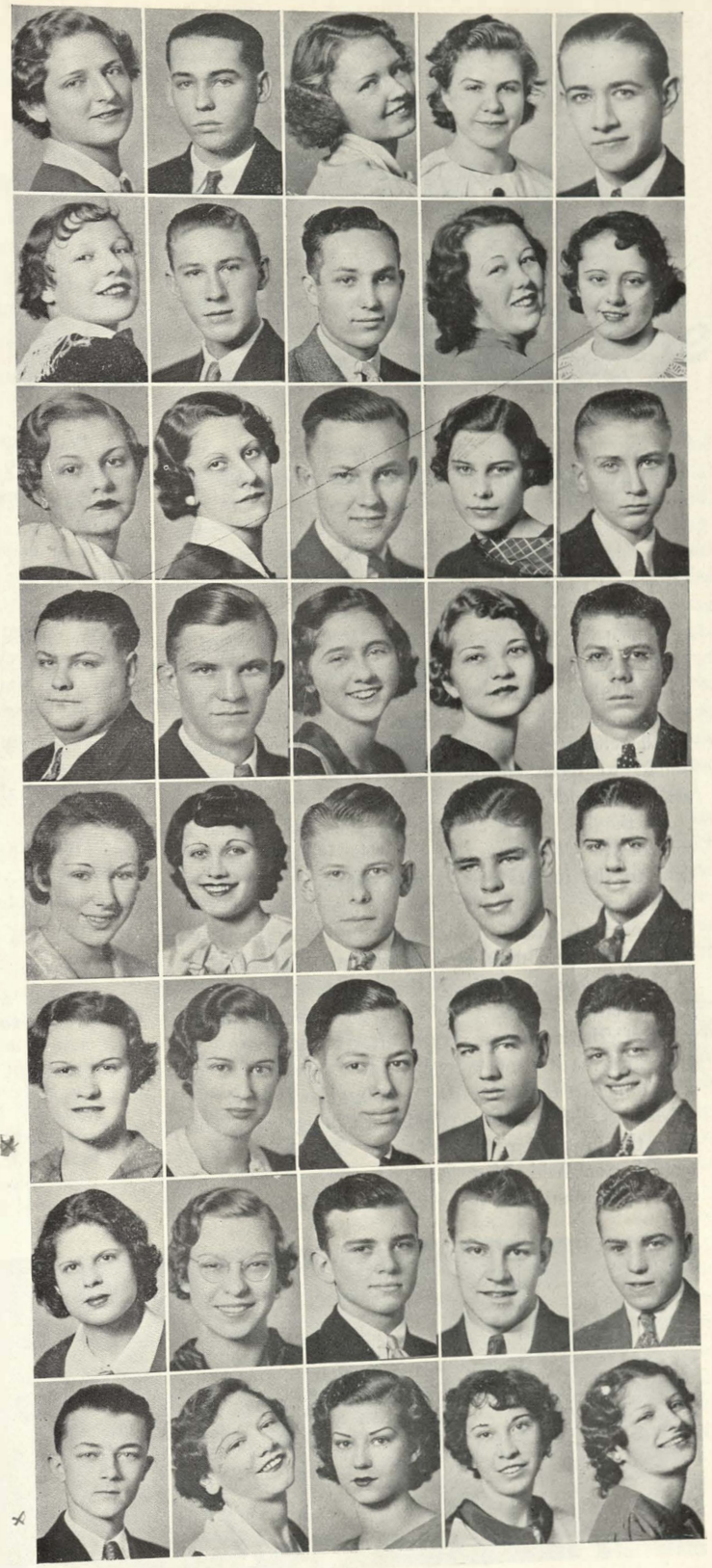




SHIRLEY STEWART
JOHN STIMEC
ANNE STIMETZ
JOE STIMPFL
FRANK STIMACH
VERNA STOGSDILL
MARGARET STOHR
JAMES STOUT
MADELYNNE STOVER
HARLEY STRAIGHT
WILLIAM STRATTON
FRANK STRICK
KENNETH STUCKEY
WINONA STUDT
ANABEL SUTHERLAND
JAMES SUSSEX
MORENE E. SWALLOW
JUNIOR SWARTZ
ARTHUR SWISHER
EVELYN ROSE SWISHER
ALICE TAYLOR
EVERETT TAYLOR
JEAN ROSE TAYLOR
NICK TERBOVICH
MARGUERITE TETERS
GEORGE THOMAS
MARGARET THOMAS
ROY THOMAS
AUDRIE THOMPSON
MARGARET THOMPSON
EVA JEANNETTE TODD
RUTH TODD
JOSEPHINE TOELLE
EDGAR TRAPP
DARBY TROTTER
KENNETH TROUP
CAROLYN TUCKER
ETHLEALMA TWITCHELL
HAMILTON TWITCHELL
ROBERT VAIL



MARGARET VAN CLEAVE
CLARENCE VAUGHN
RAE MARIE VANZELLE
FRANCES VODOPEST
HERBERT VOLZ
EMILY VRANICAR
HARRY WAGNER
JAY WAGNER
EULA FAYE WAGGONER
DORIS BELLE WAITE
MARGARET ANN WALKER
JEANNE WARDLOW
JACK WATKINS
MARGUERITE WATTS
HAROLD WAUGH
WARREN WELCH
GEORGE WELCH
KATHRYN WELTY
MARJORIE WENTZEL
JOSEPH WERBKA
VIVIAN WHITE
MARTHA WHITTLESEY
WALTER WHITSITT
JUNIOR WILHELM
CLAYTON WILKINS
ELLA JANE WILLDERWOOD
MARY WILLIAMS
MELVIN WILLIAMS
SCOTT WILLIAMS
CLYDE WILLIAMSON
GERALDINE WILSON
HELEN WILSON
FRANK WILSON
HOMER WILSON
WYTHE WINCHESTER
EDMOND WOLFE
FLORENCE WOLFE
HELEN WOLTERS
FAYE WOOD
ALICE WREATH



MARGIE WRIGHT

MARTIN YAFFE

FRANCES YODA

HARRY YOUNG

RALPH YOUNG

VERNON ZIMMERMAN

DOROTHY ZIRCHER

## After Graduation Where Are We

(Continued from page 28)

Harriet Kruger, Marjorie Simmons, William Pickell, and Eugene Gosney.

The class chose a ring somewhat different from that of former years. It has a bulldog on one side and '35 on the other. In the center there is a sunflower with Wyandotte high school printed around it.

All scholastic awards and athletic letters were presented to those eligible for them at the recognition assembly, held on May 4.

At the last senior assembly of the year the old custom of the presentation of the robe by the class president to the juniors was carried out as it has been for many years.

Wineball-friendship day, sponsored by the student council, was celebrated with much enthusiasm Feb. 5.

The juniors entertained the seniors at the annual Junior-Senior reception held at Memorial Hall May 3. Refreshments were served after an interesting program and the students were permitted to choose between remaining for the dance or attending the movies.

Members of the National Honor Society were chosen from the upper third of the class. The initiation ceremonial was held May 7. The newly elected members and alumni attended a banquet on May 10.

Baccalaureate services were held at Memorial Hall on May 19. Parents and friends were invited to attend. The seniors wore their caps and gowns at the ceremony.

The class colors, purple and green, and the cornflower, the class flower, will predominate in the color scheme of the decorations for the senior breakfast to be held at the Washington Avenue Methodist Church at eight o'clock the evening of May 22. The toastmaster will be Eugene Gosney, president of the class.

The most important event of the year to a senior is commencement time. Commencement exercises will be held May 22 at Memorial hall There will be a program and the seniors will receive their long anticipated diplomas.

This school year has been a most successful one for the senior class due to the splendid cooperation of the students and their class sponsor, Miss Lulu McCanles.

*The senior play, "Dollars To Doughnuts," proved to be an amusing farce with plenty of romance and comedy. The cast of ten players is shown in the picture below. The sporty aunt and the Reverend added a bit of comedy-romance. The younger brother and his girl-friend provided the adolescent interest while the worried father and mother watch with amazement the destruction of their plans for their young daughters who are captured by a phony prince and a socialist.*

Sylvia Walinow

# The Keep-Young Boarding House

**The city's «leading lady,» a preacher, a man hating woman, another woman whose aim was to «catch a man,» a distinguished man, a dressmaker, and four ordinary people are all living in the same boarding house. They make a very interesting novel of romance.**

NOW let me see . . . . there are sixteen rooms and we have ten boarders. We have an income of two hundred fifteen dollars a month. Now we have spent two dollars for a new electric iron. Add five, carry your three— Oh, it's no use, Joy, I'm tired of staring these figures in the face continuously. Why do we have to have a budget anyway? Our accounts just won't balance. Let me see, a dollar ninety-five for a new bath mat in lower bath room, seventy-five cents for repairing a chair, subtract seven from eight and I'll have it! No, it still won't balance. What can I do?" bewailed pretty, seventeen-year-old Mable Howard as she savagely chewed the end of her pencil and pulled the ends of her flaxen colored, naturally wavy hair.

"Cheer up, old soul! Someone may leave us a gold mine, or better still, wait until my ship comes in Oh, Mrs. Carey has just announced luncheon. I don't know how we'd manage without her, she's so efficient," comforted Joy Kenton, Mable's chum and co-owner of the "Keep Young Boarding House."

"Why rub it in? I know she's efficient and just what I'm not."

"You poor baby! Have they been mistreating you? Let mother comfort her darling." And Joy started to take Mable into her motherly arms and give her a matronly kiss, whereupon unsentimental Mable started a pillow fight which lasted until the stampede of the boarders toward the dining room began.

Mable Howard and Joy Kenton had befriended an old man known as "Sweet Potato Bill" in the town of Harmony where they lived. He received this name because many years ago he had owned hundreds of acres of land which he had planted in sweet potatoes. In the spring when an inventory was made of the crop, it was found that of the hundreds of acres of potatoes, but five had grown to even a medium size. Bill was thought to have been very poor, but after his death, it was found that he had been a rich old miser. He had willed the present boarding house to the two girls who received it with "open arms." Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Kenton, the girl's parents, were persuaded to take a long needed vacation while Mable and Joy made an experimental try at running a boarding house. Ernest Howard, Mable's brother, and his friend, Jack Patton, had wagered the girls that they would make a better success of a filling station which they had purchased and now operated than the girls would make with the boarding house. The girls were very eager to win the wager because the winner, if the girls, would receive part interest in the filling station, but if the boys won, they would become partial owners of the boarding house. The girls were to operate the boarding house for a period of two months and the wager was to close at ten o'clock Wednesday. It was now Monday.

When the girls had begun their experiment, they decided upon a name for their institution. After much thought and careful deliberation they chose the name, "Keep Young Boarding House," for as Joy said, "people always want a guarantee when they buy watches and our institution shall guarantee experiences with which one may keep young."

"Keep Young Boarding House" was situated on the main street of the town of Harmony which consisted of a population of 681 people. It was a massive, sixteen room, gray frame structure built in ordinary style, but after two coats of white paint, it had been transformed into a radiant home for that phase of humanity known as boarders. The interior far outdid the exterior in inviting people to keep young by making the Howard-Kenton establishment their boarding house. At one end of the living room there was a large fireplace while the walls were lined with more books than anyone might possibly desire to read. There were soft easy chairs that seemed always to be inviting someone to occupy them. All in all the house, itself, was a typical boarding (not house, but) home.

The personnel of the Keep Young institution was one so full of variety that it alone would be a method of providing material to keep young. Mrs. Titus Wing headed the list of boarders just as she headed every enterprise undertaken by the metropolis of Harmony. She was born a leader and looked it. She had snow-

white hair piled upon her head in a manner that really reminded one of a snowdrift, but which suited Mrs. Wing's distinguished manner to a T. This first lady of the "Kenton-Howard Boarding House" was the widow of the famous Colonel Wing of that equally famous regiment, fifty-two, and she never allowed anyone to forget it, either.

Next on our list comes Reverand Ebenezer Potts, minister of the First Baptist church of Holtville, a neighboring town. He had heard so much of the fine facilities offered by the girls' boarding house that he had decided to spend his vacation there. He was a large, overpowering man who knew what he wanted and usually got it. It was suspected that he wore a wig, but one could never be sure, it looked so realistic and perhaps it was.

Jane Dobbins, a spinster and proud of it, was also a boarder at the "Keep Young Boarding House." Jane was forty, but looked thirty. Her greatest pleasure was in proclaiming to the world that she was a man-hater.

Next, we have Elvira Waterstone who was just the opposite of Jane in every way, except that she was forty and looked it. She was the boarding house flirt and made no secret of the fact that she was there for the primary purpose of "catching a man."

Harriss Milton, one of the most influential men in town, had graced the boarding house with his presence and because of his position in the town, he was often made the prey of Madame Waterstone's wily charms. Contrary to the usual custom among distinguished men, he was not bald-headed nor was his weight deposited at the waistline; he was very handsome and always meticulously groomed. All of these qualifications made him more distinguished than is the average distinguished gentleman.

Ann Harker, a dressmaker, also resided at the boarding house. Although very rarely at home, when she was, she went about clothed in a "mother hubbard" type of dress and with her hair wrapped in kid curlers. She was from the country and acted like it.

The other four boarders were ordinary people who do not matter much in this story. The group consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John Norriss, who were spending their second honeymoon at the "Keep Young Boarding House;" Hiram Bendure, who really resided in Pershing, but was boarding here to be near his girl-friend; and Alvin Jones, a big "butter-and-egg" man from the city who was recuperating from an illness.

At the supper table that evening, Mrs. Titus Wing announced to her fellow boarders that she was very proud at this time to present a plan to them whereby the whole town of Harmony might benefit. A very noted person of the very large city of Rayburn had offered to build up their own town if the people would buy the stock for a new company which was going to be started in Harmony. This enterprise, according to Mrs. Wing, would mean much to the town because its profits would be so large that they would benefit the town of Harmony. "Furthermore," pompously announced Mrs. Wing, "this great financier is coming to this very boarding house tomorrow."

Mrs. Wing, however, was not the only one to make an important announcement. Miss Harker, the dressmaker, announced that her cousin was coming to spend a few days with her, and she would appreciate it if a room was prepared. After the usual tidbits of news were discussed at the table and after two servings of dessert the conclave adjourned to their rooms.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear. Joy sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes, replaced a few loose bobby pins, and then remembered that today was an important day, a day of occasions. She dressed, combed her straight black locks absently, and went to Mable's room across the hall. She knocked softly, but as she received no answer, she opened the door and awoke Mable by rubbing a hair brush across the soles of her feet.

"Ouch! Help me! Murder!" and then greatly relieved, "oh, it's just you, Joy."

"Just me, indeed. My dear young woman, do you realize that we have guests today and must be on our best behavior? Arise, and do thy good works."

Laying aside all frivolity, Mable dressed and the two girls descended the stairs to the dining room, but found that the usual morning rush for breakfast had preceded them leaving behind the unsightly array of partially consumed food and untidy dishes. The girls ate their own breakfast and then Joy suggested that they clear the table for Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper.

"All right, watch me," instructed Mable setting a dish of oatmeal upon her head and marching toward the kitchen. "Here we go marching to them golden stairs," and now she took a very high step and finally a higher step which was just a little too high because the next thing Mable knew her hair, face, and clothes were covered with oatmeal. Our errant aspirant to the position of oatmeal carrier then rushed upstairs to change her clothing and wash her hair.

The day passed as usual and Joy, glancing toward the hall clock, saw that it was now three o'clock. She wondered if the expected guests were going to arrive or not, when suddenly one of the town's two taxi cabs drove up to the house with a female passenger of questionable age.

"Ah!" thought Joy, "So this is Miss Harker's cousin." She smoothed her dress and assumed her most dignified manner.

"How do you do," loftily began the visiting cousin.

"Oh, how do you do? You don't know how glad our establishment is to have you with us."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, but we are very sorry that as we are crowded at present we must put you in with Miss Harker."

"Harker? And Mrs. Wing?"

"Very fine and doing well as usual. I didn't know that she was an acquaintance of yours. Step right this way, please."

"But . . . . but—"

"Oh, Mable, show our guest to Miss Harker's room."

"I . . . I . . . you—"

Ten minutes later Mable descended the stairs with a perplexed frown on her face.

"What do you know about this, Joy? That woman insists that we have made a mistake. She has asked me repeatedly if this is the "Keep Young Boarding House."

"Well, think nothing of that, little one. Just use the old head. She, being from a very small town, wants to be sure that she has reached her destination and is not under the roof of strangers."

"You know, Joy, we must double up tonight so that the great financier from Rayburn will have a room."

"I'll give him my room. While I am preparing it, you are now appointed to be the chief welcomer of this house."

Scarcely five minutes had passed before the venerable taxi again drove to a stop in front of the boarding house. This time the passenger was a man. He strode in very pompously, threw back his coat, and placed his thumbs in his vest pockets. This displayed to great advantage a large glassy looking diamond ring and ruby tie pin. Added to all this, he started to smoke an extremely smelly cigar.

"And what can I do for you, sir?"

"I'm here to make a little visit to your town see what it offers."

"Oh, yes sir," eagerly answered Mable realizing this was the financier, "right this way."

Just as she started up the stairs, Mrs. Wing entered and Mable raised her eyebrows as a signal to Mrs. Wing that the man of the hour had arrived. For you see, Mrs. Wing had never seen this great man, but had only corresponded with him.

"Oh, Mr. Ames, how are you?" she gushed. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"Pretty fine, pretty fine, but the name is Baxter."

"Oh, pardon me. I'm always so forgetful of names. Is there anything you wish before you are shown to your room?"

"Well . . . I'm hungry."

"Mable, could you get Mr. Baxter some lunch?"

"Oh, certainly."

That evening, Miss Anna Harker did not arrive until the others were already at the supper table. Miss Harker's cousin had been trying to engage Mrs. Wing in a conversation.

"Don't you remember me, Mrs. Wing? I wrote to you not long ago."

"Oh, really. I have so much correspondence that I can never keep track of it. Ah, what was that you were saying, Mr. Baxter? Oh, you want to know the name of the lady across the table. Miss Waterstone, may I present Mr. Baxter, our charming guest this evening?"

Mr. Baxter became so enticed with Miss Elvira Waterstone that he could scarcely take his eyes from her, and as for speaking to someone else, it seemed impossible. At this point, Miss Harker entered. Catching sight of Mr. Baxter she ran to his side exclaiming:

"Eli, you did get here all right. How are all the home folks?"

"So, so, Anna."

"Anna! Eli!"

"Why yes, this is my cousin, Eli Baxter."

"If this is your cousin then who is the girl at the end of the table?" asked Mable.

"I am Florence Ames," supplied the woman, "and I have come here to organize a—"

"I thought F. Ames was a man," interposed Mrs. Wing.

What had they done! They had insulted the great financier, even if she was a woman, and had too highly honored the commonplace Mr. Baxter!

"I am particularly glad to have Miss Ames here." said Harriss Milton, "because she is my fiancee."

"Fiancee!"

"Yes, we have been engaged for two years."

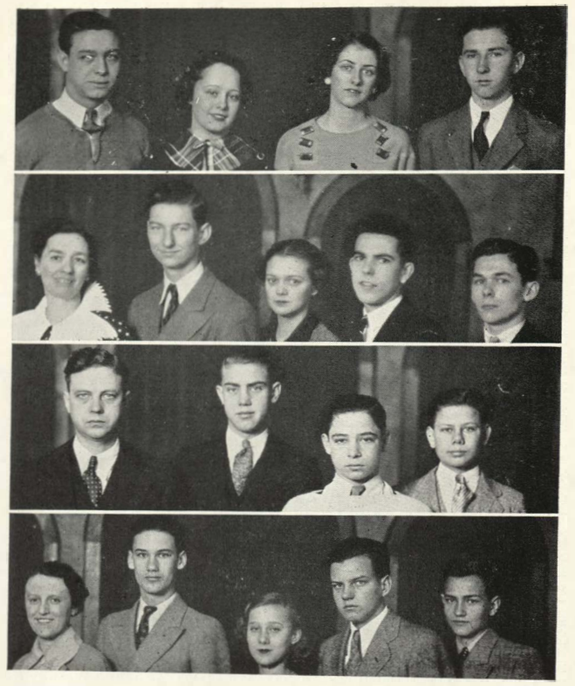
Miss Waterstone then threw a coy glance at Mr. Baxter whom anyone could see had already been attracted, ensnared, and delighted by that fair lady. By the manner in which Cousin Eli passed Elivra Waterstone choice dishes of food, Miss Harker realized that he had become a firm believer of the adage, "Love at first sight" and you may be assured that Miss Waterstone returned the feeling. Their little tete-a-tete, however, was interrupted by Alvin Jones, the big "butter and egg" man who suggested that Pastor Potts perform the ceremony.

The Hon. Reverend Potts consented to do so and after the prospective bride and groom had been congratulated, the wedding date was set for two months hence.

The following morning the boarding house guests took their departures, each saying that he had had the best possible time any one could have. Needless to say, the girls won the wager for when King Cupid starts work with his arrows he hits the bull's-eye every time and no one else has a chance

Silky suave is Paul, the bad man,
Handsome to behold,
But underneath, a heart of stone,
Not a trace of gold.

What! A flapper in this group?
With flirting eyes—oh my!
That curl, those earrings, Nina dear,
Fie on you, oh, fie!



*Elected by their fellow students, these young people and their sponsors led class activities this year. At the top, we find the senior officers, Eugene Gosney, Doris Belle Waite, Marjorie Simmons, and James Sussex. The juniors are headed by Miss Nelle Cook, Mac Tinklepaugh, Isabelle Browne, Paul Lawrey, and Fred Greenway. Sophomores are John Tevis, sponsor, Kenneth Charlson, Wallace Greider Johnston, David Barker. The coming sophomores are Miss Florence Hoar, sponsor, George Hollowell, Geraldine Blanton, Maurice Parker, and Clayton McMurray.*

# Our Coming Graduates

Almeda Boeth

AS THIS year of exciting activities and hard study (on the part of most of the students) draws to a close, we may stop for a moment and wonder just where the year has gone. It seems only a few months since the school term began and at that time we were thinking, "Oh gee, how will I ever wade through those nine months of school?" But with the regular routine of lessons and with the help of the extra-curricular activities the year has flown by as if it had taken wings.

The first exciting event of the year is always the problem of selecting the class officers; petitions were signed, ballots cast, and the following students were elected to office. The freshman officers are Maurice Parker, president; George Hollowell, vice-president; Geraldine Blanton, secretary; and Clayton McMurray, treasurer.

The members of the sophomore class chose for their officers, Fred Spriester, president; Kenneth Charlson, vice-president; Wallace (Greider) Johnston, secretary; and David Barker, treasurer.

The junior class selected Fred Greenway, president, Paul Lawrey, vice-president; Isabelle Browne, secretary; and Mac Tinklepaugh, treasurer. Sam Uzelac acted as treasurer while Tinklepaugh was ill.

Through the splendid cooperation of these officers this year has been interesting and pleasant for all. They assisted the student council in making Wineball Friendship day a huge success. The students entered into the celebration of the old tradition with much enthusiasm.

The freshmen and sophomores, not wishing to be left out, organized a Junior Pep Club, sponsored by Miss Maude E. Moles, composed of members of both classes so that they could add their cheers to those of the Kay Cees. A section of the gym was reserved for them. Also, to make it easier for the Pantograph staff to secure Central news for the paper the lower-classmen have organized a journalism club under the direction of Miss Louise Timmer.

Several interesting assemblies were held during the year. The first assembly consisted of a mixed program.

The K. U. band presented an interesting musical program which delighted the students at Central Junior.

Late in the winter C. E. Jones demonstrated his mechanical man and explained the subject of electrons to the students.

The Kubic ensemble entertained the juniors at another assembly. The juniors also attended an assembly at which the White Hussars played several numbers.

The next big event of the year was the junior class play, "You're the Doctor." Out of 94 students who tried out for parts in the play only 14 were chosen. The play was a farce in three acts, presented in the Northwest auditorium, February 11-12-13. It was a big success and the house was filled to overflowing on all three nights. John Oakson and Billy Kirby furnished many laughs and much excitement throughout the play. The following is a brief account of the play.

It was an interesting comedy and love story about a young girl, Velma Mathews, Jane Waring, whose father had died and left her a sanitarium. Dr. Thorpe, Charles Cross, claimed that her father owed him a sum of money and told Velma that if she didn't get the money within a week he would take possession of the sanitarium. Bob Morris, John Oakson, and Spiffy, Billy Kirby, happened to run into this sanitarium when they tried to dodge Officer Dugan, Russell Zumwalt, from whom Spiffy had stolen a motorcycle.

A new doctor was expected to arrive and Bob let everyone think that he was the doctor. He fell in love with Velma and learned the facts about the case. Dr. Peck, Ralph Evans, the doctor they expected, arrived and Bob bought him off and had him remain as Bob Morrison while he assumed the name of Dr. Peck. He called up his friend Archie Landis, Richard Boyce, and persuaded him to rent a room so as to get some of the money to pay Dr. Thorpe.

Clementina, Lucille Dittman, and Prof. Sockum, Billy Coldwell, furnished many comic situations throughout. Melindy, Lois Henry, was always after Spiffy for stealing her delicious pies.

In the meantime the real Doctor Peck, in search of romance, had written letters to three girls telling them that he was a rich young doctor. The three young ladies, Rita Harborough, Harriet Darby, Katrina Algenbach, Lena Huber, and Yvonne Marie Plancon, Inez Rice, arrived at the sanitarium and Dr. Peck told Bob that if he intended to be Dr. Peck he had to take over this responsibility. After much argument Bob persuaded the ladies to remain, promising to find them all a rich young husband. Dr. Thorpe returned with his lawyer, Stanley Burgess, Georgeheardin Baker, and prepared to take over the sanitarium. The lawyer had a cancelled check and the note that Mr. Mathews had given Dr. Thorp, in his brief case. His brief case is confused with one that belonged to the real Dr. Peck. The check was found and the sanitarium was thus saved for Velma. Bob told her of his love and all the deceptions were cleared up; thus a happy ending resulted.

Miss Lucy T. Dougherty was the director of the play. Miss Nelle Cook, class sponsor, assisted in making arrangements for the play. Wayne Hicks, stage manager, was assisted by the Boards Club.

A freshman party was held in the spring. It was somewhat on the order of the one last year, including games and refreshments.

The juniors entertained the seniors at the annual Jr.-Sr. reception held at Memorial Hall May 3.

Sixteen junior girls will act as crook-bearers for the senior class of '35 at the commencement exercises.

The efforts of the class sponsors have done much to make the year more interesting and successful for the students. The class sponsors are: Miss Florence Hoar, freshman: Miss Nelle Cook, junior; and John Tevis, sophomore. L. D. Kruger was the sophomore sponsor for the first part of the year before he was transferred to Northwest junior.

As this year comes to a happy ending the juniors will become dignified seniors, the sophomores will take the juniors' place, and the freshmen will become sophomores and can "lord" it over the new freshmen next year.

*When a young would-be doctor falls for a beautiful girl who is being defrauded by the villain, events occur. Particularly, do things happen when the real doctor and his flames, a gymnast, a little Cockney, a cook, an officer of the law, and a phony lawyer come upon the scene.*

## Her Boy

Of all the pests upon the earth,
The one that breaks my toys,
Is the woman, who, invited out,
Must bring along her boy.

My mother asks her to visit us,
To sew, to quilt, or chat,
And then she comes the very next day,
And brings that little brat.

If mother asks her to come again,
And bring her little boy,
I'll hide my toys and go away,
To play with Bill or Roy.

—Jay Wagner '35

# Good Troubles

*John Hamilton*

OH, THE weather was fine that summer, there's no doubt about that. This particular day I am telling you about was one of the best. There had been enough rain all summer to keep the grass green and the birds singing, so that on the whole, the day was one to make the heart glad and to make a farmer boy like myself feel like running and jumping for the pure joy of living.

Not entirely insensible to my happy state, I was wandering leisurely down a dusty country road in search of a companion. I was taking the short way across a pasture when, just beyond the fence, I saw a watermelon patch. It was invisible from most points: I rather think farmer Simmons just put it there to keep us boys from finding it. There it was, the watermelons in perfect condition; and, to make the temptation worse, not a person was visible from horizon to horizon of the peaceful landscape.

To get straight to the point, I was soon hidden in the peach orchard, dipping my face into the most luscious watermelon I have ever tasted; the circumstances probably contributing in no small way to its savor. But my paradise was short lived for just then—

"Wal, young feller," said a voice uncomfortably close behind me. The watermelon suddenly lost all flavor, and I turned sick at heart. Looking fearfully around, I encountered the baleful gaze of an indignant Mr. Simmons.

"Caught you red-handed, I reckon; eatin' one o' my thirty-cent melons. What have you got to say fer yourself?"

"I—I—I don't know," I managed to quaver after a few gulps.

"Humph," he grunted sourly, "we'll see about you. Come along." He took my hand in a firm grasp and marched for the house.

I hardly need describe the mental turmoil which oppressed me during that walk. Mr. Simmons seemed an omnipotent individual about to pass judgment upon the lowliest of his subjects, and against whom resistance was futile.

When he was firmly planted on the step by the well, he commenced.

"You know what I ought to do with you? I ought to turn you over to your pa, and he'd give you a good tannin'." I remained silent, so he went on, "But I'm not going to do it. Don't you see, sonny, why you shouldn't have done what you did back there? You wouldn't sleep easy for a week, wonderin' if I'd catch you. Don't you see what you'd think of someone who stole from you? Why, I'd have given you a melon if you'd asked me, seein' how good the crops were this year. Wouldn't you like to be able to tell Bill and that Manneger boy you could get a watermelon from old man Simmons any time you wanted it, just by asking for it? You'd be kind of a miracle to them. You never really enjoy something that isn't yours. Yeh, my boy, you'll find it better to work for and ask for the things you want, and you'll always have your peace of mind. Now run along, I've got to put a plow to work."

I started to leave when he smiled and called me back.

"You don't like preaching, do you? he inquired

I didn't answer.

"You do like apples, don't you?'

"Sure," I replied wonderingly.

"I was only curious," he went on, "the apple crop is fine this year, I have more than I can ever use. I'd never miss all a couple of boys could hold. It happens I'll be buying feed in town tomorrow."

Young as I was, the meaning of his speech reached my brain, and I muttered my thanks rather incoherently.

"That's all right," he shouted as I ran down the road, "by the way, how are the watermelons this year?"

# A Tragic Accident

THE traffic was heavy, and the night was cold. It had been sleeting all day. A lone policeman stood in the center of the street wildly signaling with his hand to direct traffic. Suddenly, there was a loud crash, and someone ran to call an ambulance.

The scream of the siren rent the still air as the speeding ambulance careened around the corner and slid to a stop where the sprawling figure of a well-dressed man lay wounded on the icy pavement. A large curious crowd was gathering rapidly. Two doctors alighted from the ambulance and rushed to the aid of the wounded man.

"Still alive!" shouted one, "but we must hurry. He will need an operation." Taking the man in charge, they hurriedly left the scene.

The traffic policeman remained to question the bystanders. Their answers only served to bewilder him. It seemed that the man had deliberately walked into the path of the car that struck him; the frightened owner immediately drove away.

"That's odd," he muttered as he scratched his head, "I don't know whether to report an attempted suicide or a 'hit and run' victim."

For days the injured man lay unconscious but at last regained his health enough to permit his having visitors. Among the first to call on him was the little traffic policeman.

"Now, will you tell us the story of the accident?" he asked.

"Ah, yes," replied the other sadly, "I am a college instructor. I was strolling along musing on weighty matters of philosophy, when I saw you raise your hand. I asked what you wanted, but not being able to hear you I started over to inquire. But I guess I never quite reached you," he added ruefully.

—Beulah Storms, '36

# From One Who Knows

TAKE heed, all you "Young Johnnies" who aspire to reach that top rung of the ladder through radio announcing!

Picture, if you can, a small penthouse atop a Broadway apartment. In the breakfast nook a man and his wife can be seen eating (or might we call it shoveling) a hastily prepared breakfast. At the present "hubby" is setting a mad pace with "wifie" a close second. The hurrying man gulps the last drop of coffee, grabs his coat and hat and runs.

He leaves the elevator and walks into the street. A pair of hands are seen waving at an approaching cab. A door opens and slams, leaving a section of overcoat showing to the general public. At a certain large building the taxi stops with a jolt and our hero throws some change at the driver; but alas! he leaves his jitney from the opposite door, parting forever with that piece of weather exposed overcoat.

Next we see him dashing up a flight of stairs stubbing toes all the while. He enters an elevator much too crowded. This results in a mashed finger. And so on this man goes until he reaches the eleventh story. There he alights from the elevator just in time to run into the studio and give the rising signal.

It reads, "Hello, everyone, have you learned how to relax yet? You should do it the new fascinating way by taking a bus ride on the modern Air-Way vehicles." He continued this and similar announcements throughout the day and far into the night.

So you see, boys and girls, it's a great life if you don't weaken.

—Billy Coldwell, '36

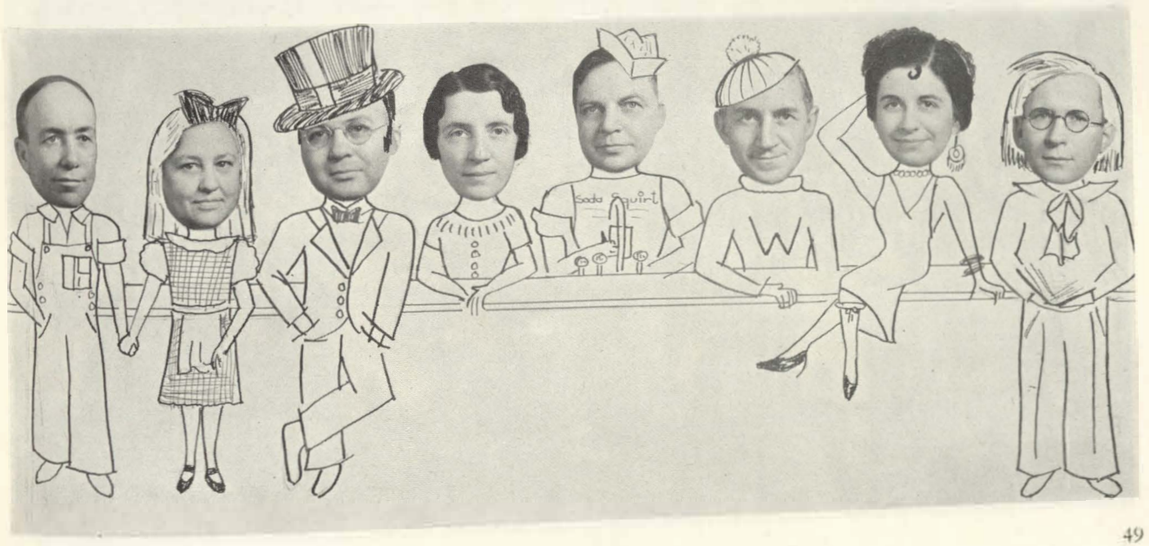
# The Educated Man

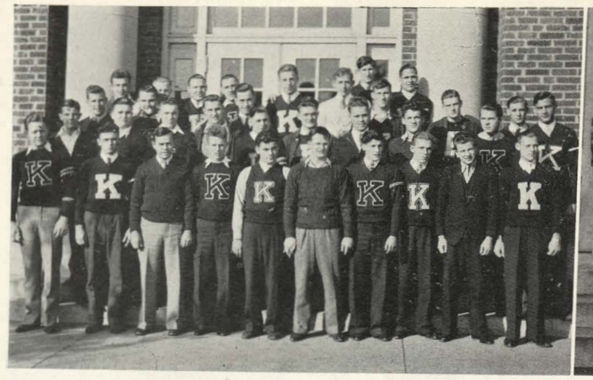
"Hard work's all right for some," he said,
"But I've a better plan.
Instead of sweating for my bread,
I'll be a college man.

"'Tis brains, not brawn, that counts today,
I'll never be a tool.
Let others learn from life's hard way.
I'll get mine all at school."

—Mary Jane Bruce, '35.

# The Mystery Mellerdrammer





# The Peppy K's

*Edward Mullens*

TO help promote a better feeling towards girls' sports was the reason for organizing the Girls' "K" club. Membership is limited to those who are members of the G. A. A., Girls' Athletic Association, and have received 600 points. When a "K" member has received 1000 points, a large five-inch "K" is presented to her. The final award is a gold "K" pin which requires 1600 points.

Members of the club, about 40 in number, elected as their officers: Margaret Van Cleave, president; Mary Poje, vice-president; Marjorie Wright, secretary and Bernadine Kepler, treasurer. Miss Helen Barnett, girls' gym instructor, is the sponsor.

Repeating sonorously, "Abba Dabba K Man," and then proceeding to drop a clothes pin into a milk bottle, comprised a part of the initiation for the new members of the Boys' "K" club. The club is composed of letter men of the major athletic activities and is under the sponsorhip of Coach Percy Parks. Officers of the club this year are: president, Russell Smith; vice-president, Eugene Olson; secretary-treasurer, Edward Sheets. The club is more of a civic organization than an athletic group. Its members had charge of keeping order at all games.

ONE-HUNDRED AND FIFTY juniors and seniors make up the organization of Kay Cees. The purpose of the group is to foster the highest type of school spirit, to support all school activities, stressing basketball and football. Officers of the club are: president, Richard Hogin; vice-president, Margaret Van Cleave; secretary, Clara Margaret Gille; treasurer, Darby Trotter; sergeant-at-arms, William Rheinold; chairman of the executive committee, Margaret Ann Walker; cheerleaders, Gail Mischlich, Richard Sanders, and Howard Channel. The sponsor of the organization is Besse Helwig. Twice this year they have sponsored a banquet in honor of the football and basketball teams.

In a large two-story house on a New Hampshire estate, one late, stormy October night, things began to happen when the cast of the Kay Cees' play, "Whispering Pines," under the direction of Miss Helwig, found out there was a quarter of a million dollars in black pearls hidden in the house. Events occurred with startling rapidity and with a generous amount of comedy. In the third act all was solved and matters ended happily. Leading roles were played by Eugene Gosney and Jeanne Cross. Other members of the cast were: Gail Mischlich, Marvin Parker, Jack Batty, Geraldine Ramsey, Harry Young, Juanita Robb, Isabelle Browne, Mac Tinklepaugh, Duane Kline, Paul Laurey, LeRoy Bennage, Bill Rheinhold, Lyman Faulkner, Philip Nohe and Earl Peterson.

# Joining Hands

FOR the past few years the P.-T. A has come into closer contact with the students by helping them along educational and welfare lines. The object of the Parent-Teacher Association is to promote child welfare in home, school, and community; to raise the standards of home life; to secure adequate laws for the care and protection of the children; to bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child; and to develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantage in physical, mental, moral, and spiritual education.

Membership of the association is open to all persons interested in the objects of the association. Its policy is non-commercial, non-sectarian, and non-partisan.

The Wyandotte high school P.-T. A. has been holding its regular meetings in the evenings this year at the two junior high school buildings due to the fact that the loss of the high school building left them without a meeting place in the daytime.

In spite of the handicaps, the attendance has been good and has shown that the interest of the parents and teachers in the welfare of the children has been maintained.

Among the meetings of the association this year were several special programs. One held January 28 celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School, the first American high school, which was established in 1635 and is still in existence. This event was commemorated by a pageant depicting the growth and improvement of the high school since that time. High school students presented the scenes on the evening of January 28 in the auditorium of the Northwest junior high school. The entire presentation was directed and written by Miss Violetta Garrett, instructor in the Kansas City Kansas Junior College. Episodes were given showing first, the ancient period of education. This was followed by episodes giving the mediæval and modern periods. This was a fine production and showed a great deal of work in preparation.

*Leaders whose service has made the P.-T. A. invaluable to the school this year are Mrs. R. S. Parker, Vice President; Mrs. Loleta Troup, President; Mrs. R. A. Hendrickson, Secretary, and Mrs. C. T. Rice, Treasurer.*

From a financial standpoint the organization this year has pledged three Junior College scholarships of seventy dollars each, which were given to worthy students, and a scholarship fund was given to the Board of Education to purchase shoes and to assist in commencement expenses for needy high school pupils. The money for the scholarships has been raised by means of a benefit picture show at the Granada theatre, a basketball game, and a combined band concert and gym show.

Thus, the parents have cooperated with the teachers, their children, and the future world by helping train the citizens of that future generation. They have done a work that is practical and one that is lasting.

## My Poodle

A brave little demon of defense,
Brave as a lion, he;
I wish I had the courage
Of this little doggie.

A little package of love
Unselfish as the sea;
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

—Dorine Hessell '35

# A New Setting For an Old Tale

William Pickell

**Bobbie finds a lullaby and we discover a history book romance when his father tells us of the «Oregon Trail.»**

HIGH overhead in the azure blue, June sky airplanes placidly sail back and forth like giant gulls on the wing. Far beneath, a modern highway wends its vagabondish way through green fields, over hill, and through dale. It appears to be simply alive with crawling vehicles of all descriptions, each intent upon its own particular errand or destination.

What a far cry this busy scene is from those enacted many times before along this self-same pathway. What a changed atmosphere is here. Today we find an air of safety and contentment; before it was one of fear and anxiety. Men call it "The Oregon Trail, a faster and safer route to transact our business." Eighty years ago it was: "The Oregon Trail, a pathway to adventure and a new life."

Let us quietly enter one of the passing autos and politely "kibitze." Here's a likely-looking one. Entre! Ssh, let's listen to the conversation.

"But, Daddy," the little fellow in the back seat of our car is crying, "you promised to tell me about the Oregon Trail."

"Can't you wait until we get home, Jimmy?" replied the rather handsome man at the wheel.

"No, and you promised. Please," coaxed Jimmy.

"Go ahead, Bob," said the pretty little wife sitting beside her husband. "I'm rather curious now."

"Oh, all right, then," said the young man, addressed as Bob. "But you'll have to let me light my pipe, Mary. I can't tell a story unless my ol' pal is lit up."

"Go ahead if you must," came grudgingly from Mary.

"Well, here goes," began Bob, puffing his pipe. "Many, many years ago, before anybody thought very much of settling the territory west of the Mississippi River—about 1811, I think it was—an American capitalist founded a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River, in the state of Oregon. The man was John Jacob Astor; the settlement he named Astoria. This we may accept as the real beginning of the Oregon Trail.

"This was a main route to the West in the early days. The Oregon Trail, which began at Independence, Mo., ran west and northwest until it reached the Columbia River Valley and followed the valley to Astoria. Near the present town of Gardner, Kansas, stood a signboard on which were the words, 'Road to Oregon.' Up to this point the historic highways, Santa Fe and the Oregon Trail were the same, but here they divided. It has been said that never before nor since has so simple an announcement pointed the way to so long and hard a journey.

"The Santa Fe Trail," Bob continued, "was founded mainly for trade with the Mexicans and the Indians of the Southwest. The Oregon Trail, on the other hand, was instituted principally for the purpose of enabling new families to enter the West and Northwest, thereby expanding and building these United States. Consequently, the Oregon Trail is much more important in the development of the States and much more picturesque than the Santa Fe.

"I'll bet this old road could tell us many hair-raising adventures that took place along here if it could only speak. It certainly seems odd to know that our forefathers bumped and rattled along this now busy thoroughfare in their heavy covered wagons. What little bumps are left our 'knee-action' wheels iron out."

"Yes, it does seem strange that those pioneers traversed this same ground. Their wagon ruts have long since been obliterated by man's science," said Mary with a dreamy look in her eye.

"Go on, Daddy," piped up little Jimmy. "Tell us some more."

"You're sure a glutton for punishment, little feller," laughed Bob, "but here goes. There were few travelers during its earliest years. Most of those who did venture were missionaries and fur traders. A few families attempted the crossing alone, but this proved too dangerous so they began traveling in wagon trains for protection from the Indians.

"Later on, the Mormons, traveling from Pennsylvania and Illinois to Utah to found a colony for themselves, traversed the trail in great numbers.

"For two thousand miles the Oregon Trail stretched away into an utter wilderness, and every mile of it came to be the scene of hardship and suffering, of battle, or of death. But stout hearted were those brave pioneers of the West, for they were building a nation of the future, and they built it upon the solid rock of human courage and perseverance.

"The Overland Trail, as some prefer to call it, was one of the most remarkable highways in history. It has several branches and in many places it followed different routes at different times

"Thousands of feet and hundreds of wagons followed its rutted and winding course for the next few years. Then it had an increase of travel as the gold rush of 1849 got under way.

"During this great hegira the Oregon Trail was a guiding path to the American foot. Thousands upon thousands of people, hearing of the discovery of gold by a John W. Marshall, rushed wildly from the workshop, the factory, and the home into the goldfields. Great wagon trains, miles in length, crawled along the long difficult route, exposed to great hardships, privations and dangers. So again the Oregon Trail aided in building these United States.

"After this mad rush to the West the 'Trail' rested awhile from its rigorous past and prepared for the future.

"Then came modern science, filling in the historic ruts of 'The Old Trail,' lifting its face, as it were, and now we travel down this picturesque highway in comfort and ease, few of us ever dreaming that this modern roadway is one of the most remarkable highways in the history of the United States or even of the world, not stopping to recall that it has felt the tread of many heroic feet: Fremont, Brigham Young, General Taylor of Mexican War fame, and many more historic characters. It has watched our country grow from a wilderness into a world power, that all nations fear and respect. And that, my dear listeners, is a brief, oh, very brief history of the Oregon Trail."

"How interesting," exclaimed Mary. "Wasn't that nice of Daddy to tell us that, Jimmy?"

No reply.

"Jim—," Mary started as she turned around. "Why, the little dear has fallen asleep, Bob."

"Well," gruffly said Bob, but with a twinkle in his eye, "he's a fine audience."

Let us take leave of our little family group, allowing them to continue on their way and thanking Bob for his tale about the Oregon Trail.

High overhead in the azure blue, June sky, airplanes placidly sail back and forth like giant gulls on the wing. Far beneath, a modern highway wends its vagabondish way through green fields, over hill and through dale. Although greatly changed outwardly it is still, "The Oregon Trail, Builder of a Nation."

# Telephone Manners

Vivian Hashman

THE peaceful atmosphere of your home or office is shattered by the shrill clamor of the telephone bell. Irritated by the harsh sound, you answer it.

A voice you instinctively feel you could never learn to like comes faintly over the wire.

"May I speak to Jim Davis?" this disembodied voice inquires.

"No one of that name lives here," you frigidly reply, incensed that anyone should imagine you even knew a man with such a name.

"Hello!" returns the voice a little louder now. "If Harry ain't there, you tell him when he comes back—"

"Wrong number!" you say, and hang up with an angry bang.

Well, maybe YOU didn't, but plenty of other people under similar circumstances do, and the things they say as they leave the telephone—but we'd best not go into that.

What is it about a telephone that tends to turn otherwise polite people into snapping, blue ones? Is it the quality of all telephone bells which starts us off wrong? Or is it the invisibility of the person speaking that frees us from obligations of common courtesy? I think it is because we subconsciously know that we do not have to finish what we started and are protected by our ability to hang up the moment we wish to end the matter.

But then no one can answer these questions with complete finality. Perhaps it is the combination of all three that makes telephone manners so difficult to acquire.

When we are face to face with a stranger and he makes a mistake, we rarely grow angry. Usually we set him right and carefully make things clear to him. A person who does not have this standard of manners is considered common by most people.

When a similar situation arises over the telephone, how different is the result. We talk sharply and if it gets too unbearable, we hang up.

The telephone may not have feelings but the person at the other end of the line is a human being with all the feelings possessed by one of these creatures, and one must be polite, courteous, and amiable. After all the rules for good manners are the same whether they be telephone, everyday, or company.

*Ardis Hill*

# Tomboys — But Healthy

*Helen Barnett*

**An exercise per day, will pave health's way.**
**Wyandotte's girls keep «young and healthy» with the aid of Miss Barnett and Miss Hill and through the exercise found in baseball, basketball, volleyball, tennis, archery, and swimming. These girls are no longer «sissies» as many think, but they can swing a bat, and pull a bow like any strong «he man».**

BASEBALL, one of the sports enjoyed most by the girls of Wyandotte, was introduced as the first activity in girls' athletics last fall. The baseball tournament was held at the various playgrounds throughout the city. The playgrounds are located at Klamm, Heathwood, Kensington, City Park, Bethany, St. Margaret's, and Shawnee Parks, and Ward and Wyandotte stadiums. Each girl attended the playground nearest her home. The tournament was divided into two parts, freshman-sophomore, coached by Miss Ardis Hill, and junior-senior, coached by Miss Helen Barnett. Four teams were entered in the freshman-sophomore divisions, and twelve teams in the junior-senior division.

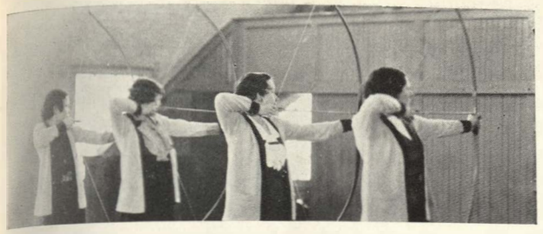
The baseball tournament was completed near the end of October. Romayne Thompson's team was the freshman-sophomore winner. In the junior-senior division, Anna Marie Smith's team, from Bethany Park, defeated Virginia Holwick's team from Klamm Park for the title.

The Bethany baseball team was composed of the following players: Anna Marie Smith, Margaret Leffler, Betty Meyers, Mary Knouse, Cliftine Newitt, Mary Schwab, Mary Yuratovitch, Nina Parkins, Edith Piersch, Josephine Toelle, Edith McAmis, Dorothy Richardson and Josephine York.

The volleyball tournament this year started in October and lasted through November. These games were also played at the various playgrounds but due to the bad weather the last few games of the tournament were played in the gym. The tournament was composed of ten junior-senior teams, under the direction of Miss Helen Barnett. No team was eliminated from the tournament unless it was defeated in two games.

In the finals Rosemary Sharp's Heathwood team lost to Edith Piersch's Bethany team. The volleyball winners were: Edith Piersch, Nina Parkins, Anna Marie Smith, Cecil Brown, Evelyn Birdsong, Bernice Woodward, Edith McAmis, and Helen Allen.

*Swimmers in the picture at the left are first row: Mary Jane Davis, Juanita Robb, Cliftine Newett, Nancy Lee Penticuff, Veronica Lundy, Ruth Packard, Altheda Berkey. Second row: Virginia Coy, Edith Piersch, Hazel Bodine, Thelma Stearns, Dorothy Beebe, Martha Ring, Florine Freedland, Lucile Dittman. At the right are: Doris Lorfing, Edith McAmis, Marguerite Leffler, Roberta Palmquist, Alice Mae Phelps, Hazel Probst, Dorothy Ruckel.*



*These four "tomboys" apparently enjoy playing "Robin Hood" and incidently their technic looks very good.*

In charge of the various playgrounds were instructors, who kept an accurate record of all the girls in the district near the park. The instructors taught new girls the fundamentals and technics of various sports. For each hour spent at the park, a girl earned two and one-half points. Tournaments were begun in the spring between the different playgrounds as they were in the fall. A girl was required to have at least eight hours of participation for credit. The following were the games for participation: baseball, volleyball, soccer, tennis, deck tennis, horseshoes, croquet, and ping-pong.

Basketball, the main sport of the year, was late in getting started this year. The girls were unable to use the gym until the boys finished practicing for their games. Therefore, results could not be included here. However, class basketball proved to be very interesting this year. The classes were divided into teams and played a round-robin tournament. Each team selected a name for its group during the tournament.

Several of the girls were members of school basketball teams organized by the gym department. The teams played at six centers, the First Presbyterian Church, the Western Highlands Church, Stephens Memorial, the London Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, Argentine parish house, and the Armourdale Community house.

The healthful outdoor sports, which also started in the school year, were track and archery. All girls were eligible to try out for the track team. Among the various events held were the high jump, the fifty-yard dash, the hundred-yard dash, the hundred-yard relay, baseball throw, obstacle relay, etc. Points were given for each first, second and third place won in any relay.

Two years ago the Girls' Athletic Association bought archery equipment by selling apples in gym classes and the profits made on the "Apron and Overall" dance in the spring. At a February meeting the girls' "K" club planned to raise funds for new archery equipment by some similar plan.

The interscholastic tennis title of the singles and doubles tournaments were won by girls from Wyandotte last fall. Under the supervision of Miss Helen Barnett, singles and doubles tournament were first held between the girls of Wyandotte. The winners were Dorothy Handle, singles, Mary Poje and Thedda Deets, doubles. These girls were entered in the interscholastic tournament between Ward, Rosedale, Argentine and Wyandotte.

In the finals Dorothy Handle defeated Dorothy Dunn from Rosedale. Mary Poje, and Thedda Deets won the doubles over Dorothy Dunn and Evelyn Frier from Rosedale. A tennis tournament was held this spring, but it was not possible to print the results.

Swimming was an important item on the sport list. This year, under the guidance of Miss Ardis Hill, girls' swimming instructor, two clubs were formed. The junior club swimmers were prepared to pass the swimmer's test. The purpose of this club was to prepare the girls for the regular swimming club. The club met once a week on Thursday morning.

The girls in the regular swimming club had to do a good crawl, two good dives, five lengths of the pool, and two lengths on the side stroke. A swimming meet was held during the first week in the second semester. The club planned to give a demonstration before the end of the year and charge admission. This club also met once a week on Thursday from ten till eleven. Martha Ring was elected president at

*Mildred Avise*

*The Bethany Park team won the junior-senior volley ball tournament. First row: Edith Piersch, Edith McAmis, Nina Parkins, Bernice Woodward and second row: Anna Marie Smith, Jeannette Johnson, Cecil Browne, Gertrude Nelson.*

*The champion junior-senior baseball team captained by Anna Marie Smith consisted of first row: Anna Marie Smith, Mary Schwab, Marguerite Leffler, Gertrude Nelson, Mary Knaus. Second row: Edith McAmis, Nina Parkins, Edith Piersch, Cliftine Newitt. Third row: Dorothy Richardson, Josephine Toelle, Josephine York, Bernice Woodward.*

a meeting held early in January. Juanita Robb was elected vice-preident and Lucile Dittman secretary-treasurer.

Around the first of spring this year Miss Barnett sponsored a basketball tournament for girls wishing to participate in an outside activity. Twenty-two teams were formed. Games were played in the mornings at the Wyandotte gym between eight and ten o'clock. Two and a half points for each hour of playing were awarded toward a letter in the Girls' Athletic Association, and one point on their gymnasium grade.

The teams entered could represent any club or organization in or outside the school. The girls could either enter with a team or as an individual player. Each team consisted of ten players, one girl acting as the manager.

Forty girls took part in a swimming demonstration at the pool, March 14. Approximately 250 parents and friends witnesseed the demonstrations, novelty races, life saving stunts, games, and diving.

# Rich Young Men

**Driven to a man-hunt by the question of shoes and hose, Kitty discovers a lot of things such as mechanics, and cars, and technique. Men in long, low, gray cars are not always as nice as their cars.**

*Harriet Kruger*

"LIFE'S still bearable when you have three good pairs of hose and two decent pairs of shoes, but look! one pair of shoes, ancient, and one and one-half pair of hose. It's time for little Kitty to get on the job."

Kitty looked speculatively out of the streaked window of her "cubby-hole" on the third floor of a thoroughly respectable but slightly musty boarding house in Chicago. For five months now she had slept, thought, and mended clothes in this little room. Days had been spent tramping up and down, in and out looking for a job until she had come to this conclusion on an exceptionally dreary April morning.

There had been a time when she had thought she had a job. A lawyer had needed a secretary and had looked at her, considering the applicant. Then he had said, "Come back tomorrow."

That night there had been a little celebration. On her way home Kitty thought, "What's the use of a job without having a feast?" So she'd spent most of her money for the very tastiest and best things at the delicatessen. Then she concluded her purchasing by getting a ticket for a first night at a lavish musical comedy.

The next day she went back to the lawyer's office to find a sign saying, "For Rent," swinging on the doorknob. It had taken a lot of courage to keep the tears back that day, she remembered. She had thought of the very funniest joke in the show the night before and had laughed. It was a weird, hollow laugh that echoed through the halls of the busy office building, but no one had paid any attention to it.

Kitty tapped her finger gently on the window-sill. Suddenly she speeded up until finally she stopped, whirled around and around in the center of the 10 by 12 foot room, and shouted joyously, "A man—oh, for a man! A rich young man is all I need. He can never withstand my tactics."

Kitty sat down on the bed to plan her campaign. There is just one word that would explain that campaign. She had to use strategy. From a permanent wave and new dresses to a brighter paint job on herself and the little roadster, Kitty mapped out a campaign of strategy. She was going after golden treasure, and she was going to find it in a nice young man.

By the next day, Kitty had spent nearly all of the remainder of the little savings account she had brought to the city and had pinched so hard to save while there. Only one thing remained. The car, Jinks, was to be a brilliant green to complement Kitty's carefully waved red hair. So away to a garage sped Kitty.

As the little roadster drove into the garage, Bill, the youngest and handsomest of mechanics and car "fixeruppers," stuck his curly head and greasy face out from under a car.

One glance at a crazy, little nose, not on the car but in it, and Bill found life worth while again. Out from under the car he crawled and in two leaps reached the wash-basin. It took him exactly thirty-five and one-half seconds to get rid of his exterior face and three more leaps and five leisurely steps to reach Kitty, who still sat in the car getting more and more irritated as her appearance seemed unnoticed.

"Paint it a nice shade of green, and have it ready by two-thirty," said Kitty coldly, totally ignoring the young mechanic.

"The nose?" breathed Bill incredulously.

"The entire car," declared Kitty scornfully. Then she looked at Bill. His scrubbing was to no avail for Kitty turned on her heel and sauntered out to find a comfortable place to spend five or six hours.



Bill looked dejected but brightened considerably when he reflected that she had to return, and then, perhaps, he would have a chance. After all, he was becoming rather weary of Ann. She was just a childhood sweetheart and really didn't merit the entire benefit of his good looks and dignified manner. Perhaps it was the fact that the driver of Jinks had totally ignored him, but, at least, he had fallen and fallen hard.

At two-thirty o'clock, Kitty returned to find Jinks a beautiful shade of grass green which just fit lovely flaming hair. The young mechanic was nowhere to be seen. Kitty looked all over, halloed stopped, and peered under cars, but nowhere could she find that fool mechanic. Somehow, she had forgotten what he looked like, but she felt sure she'd know him if she saw him.

The garage was exceptionally neat, but it failed to impress her for, as she recalled to herself, she wasn't interested in cars and garages. She was looking for rich, young men, and there certainly weren't any here. She did want to thank the man for the work, though. see him again. She didn't know why, but she seemed It was good. She had a feeling, too, that she'd like to to remember a strong chin and curly, brown hair.

Just as she was about to leave the money and be on her way, a very neat but slightly breathless young man came in. Kitty looked at him and was pleasurably surprised to see that this was the curly haired young man and that he had beautiful, brown eyes.

But Kitty was looking for rich, young men so she paid Bill and sped away in Jinks, which was shiny and evidently cheerful.

Kitty's campaign was to start by a trip in the country. A country road near the summer estates of rich, young men was preferable. About twenty miles from the city Kitty stopped Jinks, stepped out, and did a very curious thing. She took a cream bottle from the car and dropped it casually in the middle of the road! Then she climbed back into Jinks just as casually and drove straight over the glass.

About three miles on, there was a loud, joyful pop! Kitty laughed. Then she scrambled out and stood, hands on hips, smiling complacently at the deflated tire. She stood so for a while and finally wiped her fingers across the dirty tire, daubed the dust artistically on her face, and sat down on the running-board to wait.

Fifteen minutes later an old battered car ground to a stop beside her, and an old gray haired man slowly dragged himself from it.

"Looks as how ye might need some help," he wheezed

But Kitty, after one look, sifighed, and said, "No, I've sent for help." With a disgruntled "humph," the old gentleman slowly got back into the wreck, and before long he had bounced over the hill.

There was a long interval then in which Kitty almost forgot her purpose. But, being a girl of will-power, she stuck valiantly to her job.

An hour later, a rich, young man was surveying the tire and totally ignoring Kitty. Disgustedly he turned away and strode back to his long, low, gray car, got in and slammed the door. As he drove away, he looked back over his shoulder and yelled, "Who do you think I am, a mechanic?"

At nine o'clock, Jinks labored slowly into the outskirts of Chicago and made its way to the door of Bill's Repair 'Em and Paint 'Em Shop." There it choked, gasped, and stopped. Kitty holloweyed and weary, laid her hand on the horn and pushed. Five minutes of this was enough to wake any person, alive or dead, and in exactly that time the doors to the "shop" slid open, and Bill silently pushed Jinks in.

While Bill and Kitty sawed away on very tough steaks and gulped down very hot dish-water which was listed on the menu "Coffee-5c," they studied each other.

Bill saw an extremely tired but nevertheless attractive girl who looked as though she might possess a temper. She sawed away on her steak with true vigor and persistence.

As Kitty took an inventory of Bill, she realized that here was a very personable and useful young man. Despite the fact that he had changed a tire and washed the dust from Jinks' green sides, his labor showed outwardly in only one small smudge well-placed on the very end of his nose. "In fact," thought Kitty, "I might fall in love with him."

But here she recalled the hose and shoe question hastily, and allowed her mind to dwell on the oddities of rich, young men.

Finally, she came to this conclusion concerning the status of Bill in her life. She surely must have a certain attraction for him, for his gaze, directed her way, seemed to approve of her. If this was so, the technique used on him should be good enough to use on her rich, young man. She decided, moreover, that she must have failed to use this on the man in the long, gray car.

Kitty had no opportunity to determine the reason for the failure until she had crawled wearily into her little bed many hours later, for Bill, not being satisfied with a dinner, had taken her for an evening of entertainment which had been fun while it lasted. The only trouble was that it had lasted too long. As she thought over the accomplishments of the day, she discovered that, strangely enough, the only things which rested in her mind were blue eyes, curly hair, and smooth dancing.

After a cool consideration the next morning, Kitty had eliminated every known quality that she could possibly possess excepting a lack of interest and a cool indifference. "So that was it," she exclaimed wonderingly. And then it seemed that the sun had gone

(Continued on Page 70)

# Try It

*Lucile Shikles*

IT is curious how easy a thing looks to people who do not have to do it. Take the mater of making a garden. A person can lie in a hammock all morning and read a love story, or what have you, while somebody else works in the hot sun, trying to get that petunia bed in shape. The hammock loafer is always ready to give all kinds of advice. She sees how easily the whole bed could be torn up and done over and be made to simply throw out petunias like shooting stars. The gardener knows differently. The two points of view do not mix. I mean the loafer and the petunia lover do not see eye to eye. It all looks easy. Most things do—to the person who has the hammock habit.

For example, notice the man who takes tickets on the train. I am not in the least interested in him. He leads a poor life, it seems to me, although it may be a high one to him. Just riding back and forth punching holes in cardboard. But take the orchestra leader. There's an easy job. When one of those boys steps out with his baton, do I think I can do it? Why surely, I do. My musical friends disagree with me. Perhaps they are right, but it looks really simple to me.

Then there's this game of writing. When I look at another person's paper, I think I could improve it. Maybe this or that sentence is too nicely balanced; it should be rugged. Maybe this thing or that needs to be changed. But if I were to write this same paper, I would probably do worse.

When I hear another person sing or play some instrument, I think I can surely sing or play as well as that;— but when it comes to the real show-down, I would back out of the picture. It looks very easy to me, but that is just because I do not have to do it.

It is easy. But in petunias and in music and in the ways of the artist with the white sheet and the pencil, take it from me—the hot iron only responds to the hammer, and you can not reheat a souffle. Art is to the artist. Let the hammock addicts attend to their knitting.

# Backstage

*Gene Gosney*

WATCHING the performance of a hit play, we see the marvelous scenes, wonderful lighting effects, handsome heroes, and beautiful heroines gorgeously dressed in expensive finery.

We are now backstage; the smell of dusty drops and grease paint is sickening. The scenes, strange to say, look gaudy and carelessly painted, the lights are glaringly bright—not at all softly blended as they appeared from out-front.

Those handsome men and beautiful women are like ghouls, with their heavily made-up faces and their wild rushing back and forth.

Over on one side is the director calmly watching the proceedings and giving orders in a quiet voice.

That short, burly fellow standing in front of the switchboard is the electrician. Undoubtedly that sour, cynical face has seen many such a show. It is interesting to watch him as his hands, sometimes quickly and sometimes slowly, push a switch and the whole stage changes from twilight to darkness.

While the plot is unfolding for the audience, all is business behind the scenes. The costumers are making ready for quick changes, the stage men are silently preparing for the next scene and the electrician is still watching his lights.

A thunderous applause is heard as the acts end. The stage is immediately a veritable mad-house. The small stage manager is shouting orders to his crew, putting one in mind of the captain of a ship as he brings order out of chaos. The scene has changed from a warm penthouse to a cold mountain trail. The director is looking over the script for the next act to make sure that all is ready. The players rush to the dressing room to change costumes and retouch their make-up while over all is the usual between-act confusion.

Places! Lights! Curtain! The next act is on, every man doing his share of the above orders like parts of a well-oiled machine.

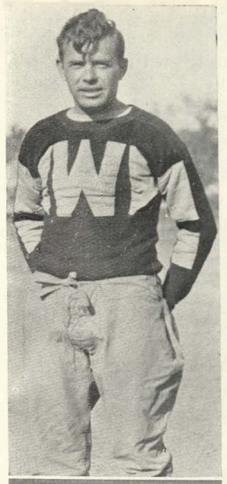
Now the play is ended—the scenery stands like a deserted castle, folorn and forsaken, waiting for the inhabitants to return. The house is dark, with only the bent old watchman present. I wonder what he thinks as he walks about trying doors and locking them.

Our rah-rah boy is neatly dressed
From heel to shining pate
A sometime politician, he,
Our David votes 'em straight.

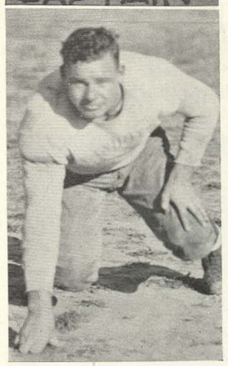


# Line Plunges and Free Throws

*Jack Watkins and Gerald Bigger*



COACH and CAPTAIN



THE Bulldogs of Wyandotte were victorious in five of the ten football contests played during the 1934 season. The windup found them in third place in the Northeast Kansas League and the City League.

There was little hope for the Bulldogs to continue a string of nineteen consecutive victories when they took the field for their initial tilt against a powerful Northeast Viking squad. The Crimson eleven could not cope with the more experienced and heavier Vikings, who won the game, 19-6. A trio of Viking stars, Rozgay, Masoner and Marvin, proved too much for the Bulldogs to stop. Rozgay scored the initial Northeast touchdown after several completed passes had advanced the pigskin into scoring territory. Marvin and Masoner scored the other Northeast counters. Darby Trotter scored the lone Crimson tally.

*Ward Neel*

The following week the Bulldogs lost a 13-0 tilt to their intercity rivals, the Central Blue Eagles. The winners took advantage of breaks to score the two touchdowns of the game. Little, Eagle back, received a short punt on his own 28-yard line and with the aid of a quickly formed interference sped along the sidelines for a touchdown. The Central team recovered one of its punts deep in Wyandotte territory from where Young scored the second Eagle counter.

The Crimson and White warriors discovered a scoring punch in defeating the Shawnee-Mission Indians, 18-0, for their first league win of the season. John Evans, stocky fullback, playing his first game for the Bulldogs, was the spearhead of the Crimson offensive play. Bob Buckles scored the initial touchdown after a 33-yard run and a 16-yard off tackle smash by Evans had advanced the ball to the 4-yard line. After a pass, Spake to Bosiljevac, had placed the ball on the 5-yard marker, Evans plunged through right tackle for a touchdown. Jack Hamby scored the third Bulldog tally.

A small but fighting Atchison team was defeated by the Bulldogs, 13-0. The score does not tell the story as the Canines had the ball within the Little Demon 5-yard marker five times only to be held by a stubborn forward wall each time. A 35-yard run by Jack Hamby placed the ball on the Crimson 40-yard marker. After several line plays had netted five yards, Hamby ploughed through the center of the line and with the aid of brilliant blocking, he eluded the secondary and ran 55-yards for the first Bulldog counter. A pass from Hamby to Bosiljevac paved the way for Evans scoring plunge from the 1-yard line.

The Bulldogs journeyed to Mount Marty and came back with a 13-0 victory over the Rosedale Wildcats. A Rosedale fumble, recovered by Harvey Hoover, led to the first Crimson tally. Johnny Evans faked a plunge and shot a pass to Bosiljevac for a gain of 13 yards. Evans scored from the 2-yard line. After an intercepted Wildcat pass Pierce completed a forward pass to Bosiljevac and Hamby advanced the ball to the 9-yard line from where Evans scored.

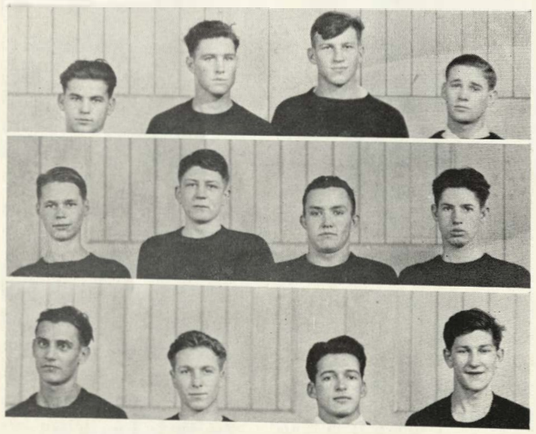
Overcoming an early Pioneer lead, Wyandotte defeated the Leavenworth eleven for their fourth consecutive win. The Pioneer tally came in the first three minutes of play. The losers covered a Wyandotte fumble on the kickoff and Klemp scored the Pioneer counter. Richard Pierce, speedy Crimson back, received a Leavenworth punt on his own 45-yard marker and, running behind splendid interference, scored a touchdown. Pierce circled wide around his own end and outdistanced the Pioneer secondary for the final score.

A three touchdown finish in the fourth quarter was

too much for the Canine squad who lost their annual scrap with the Argentine Mustangs, 25-7. Jack Hamby scored the line Crimson tally with a "sneak" from the 10-yard marker. The Mustangs came back with a touchdown plunge from the 2-yard line by Neal Hackett. The winners opened their scoring in the final period with a plunge by J. D. Richardson from the 2-yard line. Richardson was given the ball on his own 17-yard line and he circled his end and ran 83 yards for a touchdown. The Mustangs mixed forward and lateral passes and the ancient "flea flicker" to set the stage for their final counter, a short plunge by Hackett.

The largest crowd to witness a Wyandotte game this season saw the Bulldogs lose a hard fought contest to the Ward Cyclones. Neither team threatened in the first three stanzas, both relying on their punters to keep them out of danger. In the final quarter the Cyclone offense began functioning with Bukaty and Donegan advancing the ball to the Bulldog 12-yard line. After three tries to penetrate the stubborn Canine line Francis Bukaty tossed a pass to Kraft for the touchdown. The locals came back with a frenzied passing attack but the whistle ended their drive.

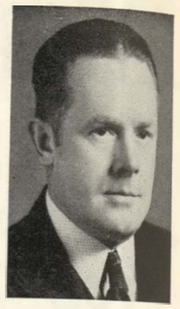
Playing the role of the underdog, the Bulldogs



*The football players in the above picture are: left to right, first row; Sam Uzelac, Norvel Ireland, Vete Nowosinske, Kenneth Everett; Second row: Phillip Madden, Gene Smih, Richard Pierce, Charles Russell. Third row: Clarence Dreier, LaVerne Spake, Warren Rymer, Fred Bosiljevac. The grid team broke even by winning five and losing five.*

*The football boys pictured at the right are: left to right, first row; Harvey Hoover, Harry Young, Bob Buckles, Robert Mears. Second row: John Henessey, Clyde Williamson, John Claflin, Ray Gooding. Third row: Freeman Hall, Frank Docman, captain elect, Jimmy Howard, captain elect Eugene Olson, captain. Fourth row: Barclay Cunningham, Darby Trotter, Edward Sheets, Donald Bridges. Fifteen of the team graduate.*

*Guy F. House is coach of the football and basketball second teams, who made an enviable showing this season, and developed several good prospects for first teams next year.*



*Guy F. House*

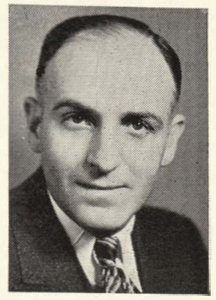
emerged from the Wichita East tussle with a 7-0 victory. The game took place on a muddy Wyandotte field, both teams playing safe football. The Crimson eleven scored their touchdown on a freak pass. With the heavy mud soaked ball on the East 23-yard line Richard Pierce faded back and shot a pass intended for Fred Bosiljevac. An East player batted the ball from Fred's grasp into the hands of John Evans who covered the remaining five yards for the touchdown. The locals lacked four inches for a score in the third period.

A journey to Olathe with a chance for a tie for the Northeast Kansas League championship found the Bulldogs losing to the Eagles, 7-0. The tilt was played on a muddy field and neither team could do much offensively. The game developed into a punting duel, with Captain Eugene Olson, of Wyandotte, having the better of it. The only touch-down of the game was made on a pass. With the ball deep in Wyandotte territory Anderson, Eagle back, received the flip from center and faded far to his right, the whole Bulldog team shifting with him. Instead of passing to his right the Olathe back tossed a long spiral far to the left side of the field into the arms of Manning, who crossed the final marker unmolested.

The Bulldog eleven made a much better showing for the season than was expected of them. With only

two lettermen, Captain Eugene Olson and Fred Bosiljevac, prospects for a winning team were dim. Coach Percy Parks, entering his eighth year as Wyandotte mentor, worked out with a large number of boys, the majority of whom were graduates from the second team, and built of them a fine machine. Although the grid team of this season was not as powerful as of the past two years the boys played a good brand of football.

Coach Parks' Bulldogs rolled up a total of 78 points and had 77 points scored by their opponents. The average number of points scored for each game was 7.8 while an average of 7.7 points were scored against them. John Evans, fullback, led the team in scoring with five touchdowns. Jack Hamby, halfback, scored three counters and converted six extra points. Richard Pierce scored two touchdowns and Darby Trotter and Bob Buckles are each credited with one touchdown. Fine blocking on the part of the linemen helped score many touchdowns.



*Walter Roy*

Wyandotte placed five players on the City League Honor Roll and four players on the Northeast Kansas League Honor Roll. Fred Bosiljevac, a veteran end, was placed on both honor rolls. Being 6 feet 3 inches in height, Fred developed into one of the best pass receivers in both leagues. Clyde Williamson, a first year player, was listed as tackle on the City League Honor Roll. Clyde's scrappy play earned him this distinction. Captain Eugene Olson won a place as a guard on both honor rolls although he played tackle most of the time for the Bulldogs. The Bulldog captain was a power in the line. Two backs were placed on both honor rolls. Jack Hamby, playing his first year of football, became a threat as a halfback. Jack's quick kicks and line plunging were a great benefit to his team. Johnny Evans won a place as fullback. Johnny became a threat as a ball lugger.

Coach Parks recommended that the following twenty-three players be awarded letters: Fred Bosiljevac, Clarence Dreier, Frank Docman, ends; Capt. Eugene Olson, Clyde Williamson, Vete Nowosinske, tackles; Jimmy Howard, Sam Uzelac, Homer Wilson, Freeman Hall, Harvey Hoover, guards; John Claflin, Harry Young, Warren Rymer, centers; LaVerne Spake, Edward Sheets, quarterbacks; Donald Bridges, Robert Buckles, Jack Hamby, Richard Pierce, Darby Trotter, halfbacks; Johnny Evans, Norvel Ireland, fullbacks.

Frank Docman, an end, and Jimmy Howard, a guard, were elected co-captains for the 1935 Bulldog grid team. Of the twenty-three lettermen, fifteen will be lost through graduation, leaving eight available for next year. The lettermen not seniors are: Docman, end; Howard and Uzelac, guards; Claflin, center; Evans,

*The swimmers who won the unofficial state championship are: from left to right, front row: George Lindsay, James Batty, Ralph Cameron, Wyath Winchester, Alvin Dyer. Middle row: Kenneth Swanson, Russell Smith, Bert Hackley, Frank Wilson, Frank Hayes. Back row: Albert Armbruster, Vete Nowosinske, Oliver Gomer, Clarence Foerschler, LeRoy Bennage, Coach Roy. At the right is Coach Walter Roy, swimming team mentor.*

fullback; Pierce and Bridges, halfbacks, and Spake, quarterback.

Under the direction of Guy F. House and Everette Varner the Bullpups had another good season, finishing high in the second team league standings. Boys receiving letters are: James Baker, Pete Banko, Lloyd Brown, Bill Dietchman, Robert Docman, Elmer Everett, Robert Gumpert, Joe Kasinac, Orville McHenry, Austin McMillan, Lawrence McMullin, Bruce Price, Mast Prior, Jack Ramsey, Bill Radencic, Al Sheets, Emmett Thomas, Dan Tucker, Lyle Wait, Homer Watkins, James York. Homer Watkins and Austin McMillan were elected co-captains for next year.

With the football season scarcely over, Wyandotte students focused their attention on basketball prospects. Coach Percy Parks had been working out with a large group of boys at the gym every morning. Clarence Dreier, a guard, was the only letterman back with the team. Although prospects were dim, Parks had several good players from the second team of last year and Fred Bosiljevac, elongated center, who reported for basketball for the first time at high school. Fred played a flashy brand of basketball on several independent teams and he was expected to be a great help to the team.

Coach Parks surprised the dopesters by developing another strong team, although not as powerful as the quintet of last year. The Wyandotte cagers finished in the first position of both the City and Northeast Kansas Leagues. During their regular scheduled season of 19 games the Bulldogs were victorious in 18, losing only to Rosedale. Coach Parks' athletes won the regional tournament at Olathe, winning easily from Ot-

towa in the semifinals and defeating Ward in the finals. The Crimson and White quintet were victorious over Northeast, the Missouri champion.

Parks worked the boys hard for their opening assignment, a Northeast Kansas and City League game, with Argentine's Mustangs. John Lonborg's crew of seven lettermen were favorites to take the league crown from the Bulldogs. Paced by Fred Bosiljevac and Tommy Larkin, the local quintet upset the Mustangs, 17-11. A ragged game was played by both teams but the Bulldogs served notice that they were strong contenders in the league race. The next night the Bulldogs

*The gym team progressed through another season without a loss. The boys who comprised the squad are: left to right, front row: O. J. Lewallen, Orville McHenry, James Rank. Back row: Willard Everett, Altus Bradley, Warren Rymer, Vernon Donaghe. The gym squad, under Coach Henre, has never been defeated in a meet.*

*Pierce Astle*

defeated Central, 21-15, on the loser's court. The Parksmen couldn't click in the first half but they staged a splendid last half drive which won the game. The Viking cagers had the game all their own way until the latter part of the fourth quarter, only three minutes remaining. With the score 27-23 against them the Crimson and White cagers took the offensive and scored 15 points in the remaining three minutes, to score the biggest upset of the season.

Wyandotte's defending league champions were at the front all the way in defeating Leavenworth, 23 to 13 at the prison city. Again Larkin and Bosiljevac were the spark plugs of the Bulldog offense. A powerful defense kept the Pioneers troubled during the game. A courageous last quarter rally gave the Bulldogs a victory over Northeast's highly touted Vikings. Coach Reaves Peter's quintet, considered the oustanding five in Kansas City, Mo., was the favorite of the contest.

The Bulldogs dropped their first game of the season to Rosedale, 19-15, in a ragged game on the local court. Both teams were guilty of passing up many scoring chances. An overtime playoff was needed before the Bulldogs could defeat Ward. At the end of the regular playing period the teams were tied, 22-22. The deciding point of the game came when Tommy Larkin netted a free throw.

*Merle Henre is coach of the gym team and was this year made assistant track mentor.*

*Pierce Astle is the head track coach and is in charge of the freshman basketball squad.*

*Merle Henre*

An easy 38 to 15 victory was scored over the Shawnee-Mission Indians. Coach Percy gave the reserves a chance, using eighteen players in the game. Holding the Olathe Eagles to four field goals, the local team scored another league triumph, 29-15. The loser could not penetrate the Canine defense, while the Bulldogs had no trouble in working the ball in for short shots.

Continuing at full speed, the locals downed Atchison, to the tune of 29-21. The losers held a 6 point lead at the end of the third canto, but Fred Bosiljevac and Tommy Larkin found the range and the Bulldogs pulled away.

For the first two and a half quarters the Wyandotte-Argentine tilt was close but in the latter part of the third period the Crimson quintet hit consistently to give the game a Wyandotte color. In the final quarter the Bulldogs netted goals from all spots of the court, the final whistle finding

The Bulldogs again demonstrated their ability as a Percy Parks' crew on the long end of a 37-14 score. last half team by defeating the fast breaking Leavenworth Pioneers in an important league tilt, 29-18. The score at the half was 16-15, Wyandotte, but the Bulldogs dominated play in the second semester, Leavenworth being able to score only one goal and a free throw.

A frantic last minute rally on the part of the Topeka Trojans fell two points short as the Crimson quintet chalked up their eleventh win with a score of 19 to 17. The Bulldogs stepped into the lead after the first few seconds of play and were not seriously threatened until the last two minutes of play. The accurate shooting of Bosiljevac, Clark and Larkin was the deciding factors of the tilt.

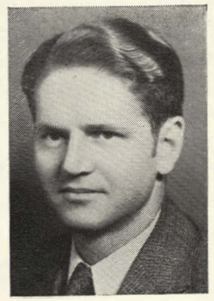
A journey to Mount Marty to battle the Wildcats



for undisputed possession of first place in the Northeast Kansas League and City League drew the largest crowd ever to see a game at the Rosedale court, hundreds of disappointed rooters being turned away. The Bulldogs avenged their earlier loss to Rosedale by trimming Roscoe Brown's crew, 21 to 17. The Rosedale team gathered six points in the first quarter to hold the lead but the Parksmen came back in the second period to chalk up a lead which the losers could not wipe out. Rosedale's fast breaking play had little effect against the rushing defense of the Bulldogs.

Led by "Dutch" Clark, the local cagers defeated Ward, 25 to 21, to win the city championship for the third successive time. The first half was all Wyandotte's, the ball being in the Bulldog's end of the court virtually all the time. The score at the half was 15-7, Wyandotte. But in the third period the Cyclones began hitting, bringing the score from 7 to 17. In the last canto the desperate Cyclone quintet brought the score within one point of the Bulldogs but the Crimson players held their lead.

Coach Percy Parks used 24 players, all of the first team and several second team players, in defeating Shawnee-Mission, 50 to 15. The score at the end of the first quarter was 20-5 and at the half, 36-7. The reserves found no more trouble in scoring than did the first string players. The Olathe Eagles bowed to the Crimson cagers in a 34 to 20 cage tilt. "Dutch" Clark collected six field goals to lead his team in scoring. The smooth passing attack of the Bulldogs and a tight offense when the losers tried to work the ball in for short shots were the deciding factors of the game.



*Everette Varner*

The Bulldog basketeers won their fourth successive Northeast Kansas League title by virtue of an easy 35 to 14 victory over the small Atchison Little Demons. Coach Armin Soph's quintet did not score a field goal in the first half. The following night the Crimson and White clad cagers set down the Topeka Trojans for the second time during the season. Tommy Larkin, enjoying one of his "hot" nights, was responsible for 16 of the 35 points gathered by the Bulldogs.

Coach Guy F. House piloted his Bullpups to another successful season. The second team was victorious over the second teams of the following schools: Argentine, Rosedale, Leavenworth, Olathe, Shawnee-Mission, Ward, Topeka, Northeast and Central. The Bullpups met defeat only four times. The second team's victories over the local reserves were Argentine, Olathe, Topeka and Rockhurst. Coach House's first string players were Ramsey, Bridges, Brown, Radencic, Nodler, Waite, Madden, Sheets, Channell, Yadrich and Thomas. Pierce Astle coached the freshmen team while Everette Varner again coached the sophomore quintet.

Wyandotte's swimming team won the unofficial state tank meet held at Wichita. The Bulldog tanksters scored 38 points in winning the meet. Wichita East, Wichita North and Independence were the other team's

*The basketball squad finished the regular season with 18 wins out of 19 starts. The team is pictured below: left to right, front row: Joe Kasinac, Mac Tinklepaugh, Clyde Williamson, Richard Pierce, James Baker, Ed Sheets. Middle row: Lyman Faulkner, Tommy Larkin, Bill Clark, Clarence Dreier, Fred Bosiljevac, Robert Pierce, Barclay Cunningham, Walter McCroskey. Back row: Laverne Spake, Gordon Braun, Darby Trotter, Gene Smith, Charles Russell, Howard Channell, Jack Ramsey. The showing of the team this year was a surprise as only one letterman returned.*

*S. L. Adair*

*Everette Varner is mentor of the sophomore cagers and sophomore grid squad.*

*S. L. Adair has charge of the golf team which generally makes an enviable showing.*

competing. New state records were made in each of the events with the exception of diving.

Lettermen on the team were Captain Russell Smith, Leroy Bennage, Oliver Gomer, Albert Armbruster, Bert Hackley, and Vete Nowosinke. Coach Roy used the following swimmers in the majority of the meets: Russell Smith, captain, breast and back; Albert Armbruster, 220 free and relay; Bert Hackley, 100 and 40 free; Oliver Gomer, 40 free and back; Leroy Bennage, diving; Frank Wilson, breast; Alvin Dyer, back; Clarence Foerschler, 100 free and relay; Wyath Winchester, 40 free and relay; Vete Nowosinske, 220 free and relay; George Lindslay, relay.

Coach Pierce Astle, assisted by Merle Henre, directed the track team to another successful season. Seven lettermen formed the nucleus of this years squad. Members of the team and their respective events are as follows: Dashes, Hennessey and Kyle; 220 yard dash, Parker,Hennessey and H. Watkins; 440 yard run, Parker, Doryland, Ed Sheets, Gable, Pierce, Gooding, Meseraull, and Hackley; 880 yard run, Kelley, Roberts, Flannagan, Hall, McCroskey; Mile run, Swanson, Coleman, Hamler; ;High hurdles, Deitchman, Henderson, Briedntha1, Ramsay, Aikens; Low hurdles, Aikens, Pohle, Docman, Briedntha1; Shot put, Olson, Werbka: Discus, Olson, Kinney, Peterson; Javelin, Pierce; Pole vault, Ramsay, Everett, Kvaternick, Bennage; High jump, Ring, Baker, Rhodes, Bosiljevac, Briedntha1, Terry and Nodler; Broad jump, Pierce and Baker; 880 yard relay, Hennessey, Kyle, Doryland, and Parker; Mile relay, Parker, Gable, Sheets and Pierce. Meets that the first team were engaged in this year are: Paseo, Central, St. Joseph, Kansas Relays, Baker Relays,, Northeast Kansas League meet at Wyandotte, Regional meet at Leavenworth, and the State meet at Wichita.

The "B" squad who had meets with Center high of Kansas City, Mo., Pembroke Country-Day, and William Chrisman of Independence, was composed of the following: Jenkins, Palmer, Voilles, Morris, Turk, Pepperdine, Avise, Greenway, Coffler, Viene, Harrod, Murray, Bechtel, Mears, Faulkner, J. Watkins, Radencic, Braun, Bentley, and Wagner.

The freshmen squad who had meets scheduled with Argentine junior high school and Northwest junior was made up of Carrol, Radkte, McNiel, Dye, Lyons, Rymer, McKenzie, and Banzoff.

Coach Merle Henre's gym team enjoyed another successful season, winning all their meets. The second team, however, lost a meet to the reserves of Argentine. Juniors and seniors on the first team are as follows: Rank, McHenry and Lewallen on the horizontal bar; Donaghe, Godsey, Everett, and Sanders on the horse; McHenry, Lewallen, Bradley, and Rank on the parallel bar; Sanders, Grey, Godsey, and Bradley, on the mats; and Everett, Donaghe, Rymer, and Lynch on the rope.

The second team composed of freshmen and sophmores, won from the Argentine sophmores 50-5 in their first meet held early in the season. In their second meet the Wyandotte sophmores met the Northwest junior freshmen and defeated them 40-15. Meeting the Argentine sophmores for the second time, the local squad fell to the Argentine team by the score of 24-31.

Sam Adair, assisted by Percy Parks, coached the golf team, which according to Mr. Parks, was just in for an average year, however a good team was in sight for next year. The most promising looking players at the beginning of the season were Bill Tenhagen, George Thomas, Darby Trotter, and Russell Smith, along with Laverne Spake and Sam Uzelac, the lettermen. In the first meet of the season held at Quivera they placed second, this being a triangular meet with Argentine and Central of St. Joseph. Other opponents of the local golfers during the season included Lawrence, Topeka, Rosedale and Leavenworth, the teams also entered the Kansas Relays, The Baker Relays, and the Northeast Kansas League meet.

Everette Varner again directed the tennis squad to another victorious year. Ed Lorfing, Tom Reynolds, and Clarence Foerschler, singles; Gunnar Anderson and Bill Mosser, doubles, were the lettermen who returned to the team this year. Between 18 and 20 promising candidates also were reporting for early season practice sessions. The schedule of the tennis team was as follows: March 30, triangular meet with St. Joseph Central and Argentine at City Park; April 6, dual meet with Topeka at Topeka; April 13, all-city meet at City Park; April 19, triangular meet with Lawrence and Argentine, (tentative); April 26, Baker Relays or a dual meet with Atchison; May 4, Northeast Kansas League meet at City Park; May 11, State Regional meet at Leavenworth; May 18, State meet at Wichita.

## Sonnet to the Moon

As I sit on my steps a summer night
In silent wonder so to realize
I see the gracious, silken moon arise
In e'er ascending glory to the skies
As if it were approaching some new height.
I wonder if upon the Isle of Wight
Or some far country, some one nightly lies
The mysteries of that incandescent light.

Yet who among you stops to look at it
Or looking, stops to give it careful thought?
By our indifference disturbed no whit
It sails serenely on, God's wonder wrought.
So, hail, great moon, may always you be lit
To guide us on our way, afraid of naught.

—Georgehardin Grant Baker, '36.



## A Tribute

He was a member of the Board of Education, a lover of young people, a prominent physician and civic leader who had devoted much of his time and energy to the planning of the new Wyandotte High School. Such a description fits only one person—Dr. D. E. Clopper, who died Friday morning March 15, 1935 at Providence Hospital after an emergency appendicitis operation.

He was 68 years old and almost his entire life was devoted to the interests of young people.

Having been born in Leitersburg, Maryland, he acquired his early training there. Later he attended Barnes Medical College at St. Louis, Mo., and in 1896 was graduated from the University Medical college, Kansas City, Mo.

"In his work Doctor Clopper attained high rank because his work had been prompted by a love of scientific investigation and broad humanitarian principles and because he had kept in direct touch with the most progressive activities of the Medical world."

The Board of Education had enjoyed his services since 1931, and since "the fire" he had been constantly working and planning for the new Wyandotte building, despite the fact that his health had been rather poor for some time.

His interest covered the entire city but he was particularly devoted to the Argentine district and the Argentine High School. He came to Argentine when yet a young man and has served as mayor and councilman of the old city of Argentine. In recent years he was that district's most prominent physician, Argentine High School's most loyal supporter, and everyone's friend and neighbor. In 1927 he built a modern hospital in the Argentine district and surrounded it with most elaborate flower gardens for flowers were very dear to him.

"Doctor Clopper's life was marked by tireless activity in many channels, his genial good humor, his friendliness and his interest in everyone and everything about him," and students of Wyandotte pay tribute to him and realize what an asset his life and work have been to our school.

## Hickory Stick To Friendship

(Continued from Page 9)

lines of work are opening and where it is profitable to spend our time in studying.

Some of our teacher friends have little idiosyncracies that intrigue those of us who are critically-minded. The habits of teetering back and forth, of scratching the head violently, or even of playfully squirting water on the class are ones which occasion a great deal of comment and make us feel as if the teacher were really an individual and not a fierce dinosaur.

These are some of the things we have noticed about our faculty during our years of work and pleasures together in our school. To keep in mind better our classes some of the familiar sayings of our instructors have been brought together. Some of you will readily recognize and associate with pleasant happenings

"Does that register?"

"The material on the board is to be copied."

"According to my records the following pupils are absent."

"Please put on your aprons and head bands."

"Position! Are you ready?"

"Put it in order."

"It's too noisy. Everybody busy."

"We'll have a necessary evil now."

"That's a check."

"Now we will go back to our lesson" and starts talking about sports.

"Give the boy a windy five."

"Rise lad."

In later years in looking through the Quiverian we will recognize some of the instructors we knew and had. We will realize that it was these instructors, steadfast, sturdy, and true that gave us an ideal to work toward, idea for a life's career, or just a desire to be a friend which is the biggest thing of all.

## Education

The aim of education
Is to lift the human load,
Move the race to fuller living,
Smooth the rough uncharted road.

Helping all to solve life's problems,
Filling hungry hearts with truth,
Moving barriers, crossing chasms,
It's the stepping stone of youth.

To the farmost outer reaches
Of the earth—and stellar space—
Fly her darts as proof assuring
Tho this restless surging race.

Self-made men have climbed the ladder,
This we recognize as true,
But the numbers thus ascending,
Most assuredly, are the few;

Who are blessed with keen perception-
And by virtue of this grace—
With the aid of education,
Could have better served the race.

—By Jack Webb.

*Students who racked their brains on the 1935 Quiverian are Paul Peterson, Walter McCrosky, Naomi Mathews, Marjorie Simmons, Ruby Crary, Gerald Bigger and Jack Watkins in the first row. In the second row we find Harriet Kruger, Dorothy Bell Martin, Eula Gregory, Mildred Avise, Almeda Boeth, Audrie Thompson, Doris Carr with Edward Mullens and Thomas Adams back of them.*

# Year's Activities in Black and White

*Edward Mullens*

TO present to the students an accurate and well-written record of school activities each year is the goal of the Pantograph staff.

A new supplement was added to the paper this year known as the "Pic." This section consisted of photographs that were of interest to the student body. Two six page editions were also published. One was issued at Christmas and the other dedicated to the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin school. Naomi Mathews, Olive Grandi, Eula Gregory, and Mildred Avise were the editors who had charge of the tercentenary issue. Letters were sent to prominent people throughout the nation asking for their ideas.

Working under the direction of H. Lee Kammeyer, and the editor-in-chief, Eldon Smith, were 16 editors who composed the editorial staff. They were: Maribel Rogers, assistant editor; Marjorie Simmons, Mildred Cregan, associate editors; Helen Wilson, Stella Evango, Almeda Boeth, Thomas Adams, news editors; Gerald Bigger, Walter McCrosky, boys' sports editors; Mildred Avise, girls' sports editor; Doris Carr, department editor; Olive Grandi, assistant department editor; Ruby Crary, feature editor; Audrie Thompson, exchange editor; Jack Watkins, business manager; and Robert Vail, advertising manager. In addition to the editorial staff was a reportorial staff composed of about 55 cubs. This staff collected and wrote the news. From the "cubs" the editorial staff is picked each spring. The cubs were graded this year by a point system, under the supervision of Edward Mullens. A journalism club at the Central unit of Wyandotte, under the direction of Miss Louise Timmer, assisted the upperclassmen this year by sending in news articles from their building.

Once each year the editorial staff turns the Pantograph over to the cubs. During this week the editors sit back and take it easy, seemingly knowing nothing.

The International honor award, which is the highest honor given by the Quill and Scroll society, All-American rating, given by the National Scholastic Press Association, and a first place rating awarded by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, were the honors received by the Pantograph for 1933-34.

IN THE hands of twenty-one seniors under the advisorship of H. Lee Kammeyer, known as the editorial staff, lies the burden of presenting to the student body a record of the events of interest in and about the school. These records are given in the form of a magazine—The Quiverian—issued yearly, and a newspaper—The Pantograph—issued weekly during the school year.

Due to the limited resources the Quiverian was continued again this year in the form of a magazine with Harriet Kruger as editor. Although it still retains some annual features, most of it is built on the style of a modern magazine. The material handed in by the various departments was sifted down until only the best remained. This material was handled under the direction of the feature editor, Marjorie Simmons, and her assistants, Dorothy Belle Martin, and Eula Gregory.

Almeda Boeth, senior class editor, had charge of the senior pictures, and the writing of all articles referring to the activities of the four classes.

Organizations, clubs, and departments were under the direction of Edward Mullens. The work consisted of taking pictures, and writing of articles.

The sports department was under the editorship of Gerald Bigger and Jack Watkins, boys' sports editors.

Other members of the staff were: Audrie Thompson, staff artist; Thomas Adams, business manager; Ruby Crary, assistant editor; Doris Carr, secretary; and Paul Peterson, staff photographer. Due to limited time in which to take pictures, most of the work was done by Mathews Studio.

Members of the Wyandotte High School Press under the direction of Paul S. Phelps, printing instructor, and Coler Stephens, his assistant, did the work of assembling and printing the magazine.

*These folks labored day and night to publish a Pantograph weekly. On the first row there are Mildred Cregan, Helen Wilson, Marjorie Simmons, Ruby Crary, Maribel Rogers, Doris Carr, and Almeda Boeth. Gerald Bigger, Walter McCroskey, Dorothy Belle Martin, Mildred Avise, Audrie Thompson, Stella Evango, Olive Grandi stand in the second row while Thomas Adams, Eldon Smith, Robert Vail, and Jack Watkins occupy the last row.*



# Over The Divide

(*Continued from Page* 13)

QUICKLY he turned the disappointed Nappy up the steeper trail, so steep in fact that sharply shod hoofs had difficulty in gaining their foot-hold among the loose rocks. He had had another vision, a vision of deep blue eyes with an expression in them that he could not force himself to look upon, when he told her that this was no longer their home.

Gradually, as they climbed higher, the country became wilder and rougher and the trail increasingly difficult to follow. Long fingers of sediment rock jabbed their summits into the night and grinned down at discouraged fir trees that clung to the cracks in their jumbled bases. Massive peaks and half-domes stood ominously back of the knife-like fingers ready to back up the silent challenge they sent out over the canyon. At last the trail levelled, cut through a grove of young aspens and broke out into a park. Immediately across the park, against a rock-slide as if for protection, squatted a log cabin with a sagging roof, outlined dimly in the feeble star-light.

One look inside told Dave that Pap had left in a hurry. Discarded bedding was strewn in the bunking end of the room. The straw tick had been ripped open and lay crosswise on the bunk, one corner hanging down in a pool of chaff. Three dirty socks and two magazines lay as if the wind had deposited them between the built-in table and the still warm stove. An uncovered pot of mulligan stood on the back of the stove with a dirty handled dipper hanging edgewise out of it. All this Dave absorbed while the match he was holding over his head burned out. He turned, left the darkened cabin, shut and bolted the door, retrieved Nappy, and started up over the rock slide. It was the only way over the divide west.

TO the people of Dobson, there are no travelers and to travelers there is no Dobson. To the people of Dobson the North Coast Limited is a thundering crashing machine that twice daily disturbs the peace of the town with a devilish hoot just as it howls past their station. To the traveler, Dobson is just a blotch in an otherwise perfectly level landscape that is seen for a flickering instant at 70 miles per hour and forgotten as quickly. The people of Dobson had either forgotten or neglected to take the fact seriously that the train does carry passengers.

That is why they were so surprised when the monstrous locomotive, pulling twelve long steel Pullmans and chair cars, paused, sizzled, ground its brakes just outside Dobson, failed to give its warning hoot. Slowly it crawled past the station, finally coming to a dignified stop in the middle of Dobson's main street, temporarily blocking the traffic which at the time happened to be Helen Winchell's terrier, Toby, who was taking a cross cut to Hannon's. Toby had seen the monster flying through many times and knew it to be harmless if you kept your distance, but never before had he regarded it so closely and at a dead standstill.

D. C. Breckenridge stepped from a Pullman and with one sweeping glance surveyed Dobson. The conductor gave the signal to start, and before the observation club car had clicked its wheels over the crossing guarded by Toby, Breckenridge was out of sight inside the station.

BY three o'clock in the early dawn Nappy's sleek, iron gray coat was tattered and torn from the sharp edges of fire-killed firs that he had been forced to wedge himself between. His fetlocks were bruised and bleeding. He had thrown one shoe at a rushing ford and the soft hoof was frayed to the quick. At each ledge he was forced to scramble over he became weaker and more windbroken and the limp from the tender bared hoof became more painful. By degrees his wonderful stamina was leaving him. His lathered flanks quivered after he had scrambled through deadfalls.

On the steep, treacherous climbs Dave unmounted and let Nappy labor along behind, his breath coming in quick short gasps from trembling, dilated nostrils. At last, on one of these discouraging climbs, Dave stopped so suddenly when they reached the summit that the obediently trailing horse ran head on into his

back. In the same instant that they stopped, a shill nicker cut the air from ahead. Nappy raised his head to answer only to have his tender nose gripped firmly between the fingers of Dave's right hand. "Not that it makes any difference" thought Dave, as he squinted at the semi-distant fire, "but I don't like so much noise."

"Hello, Pap!"

"Hello," replied a nervous voice guided by glittering eyes that tried to peer through the light of the

camp-fire. "Hello," it repeated. "Why, Dave!" as Dave's dark form advanced into the flickering rays. Dave was sure that he detected a note of relief in Pap's voice, and he looked deep into wide apart eyes vainly attempting to find signs of nervousness.

"You're tired, Dave! You've killed your horse!" his voice scolded as he glanced at the gently heaving, heart-broken Nappy. "Where you been, son?" he asked, looking again at Dave. Without waiting for an answer, he turned to a pack box lying on the ground. "I'll make yu some coffee while yu tell me about it."

Dave squatted before the fire and for a long silent moment surveyed the camp while the chubby little old man fussed and rattled with cans and paper sacks that he drew from the box. His first glance told him that in another ten minutes the camp would have been deserted. A gentle old pack mare stood, still hobbled but with the saddle cinched and breeching buckled, sleepily munching oats from a nose-bag. The two boxes had been packed and closed; the bedding was rolled and partly tied.

Here was a homeless old man merely crossing the divide at the close of the trapping season. He looked at him again. Pap had turned halfway—and his tattered, old mackinaw poked out behind him made a slightly amusing but pitiable picture of a helpless old wretch who was forced to scratch for himself. Dave had to lower his eyes when Pap turned face around, placed the blackened can in the coals of the dying fire and said in an almost fatherly tone, "I always knew you knowed your mountains well, but I'll sure say that I didn't think you was fool enough to tackle them rock slides in the dark." Then he repeated his first question and this time waited for an answer. "What did you do it for, Dave?"

A feeling of shame started creeping into Dave's system as he raked a glowing coal from the fire with a tiny stick. With an effort he choked it back and waited until the coal had turned white and fluffy and died out before he determined to take a long shot.

He answered, "I come after that Breckenridge diamond, Pap."

He looked at him sharply to see if he had hurt or angered the old man and beheld a sight that caused him to cringe and nearly topple over backwards. Not three feet from his nose was the most ghastly, baleful, ghoulish grin conceivable—it wasn't real—it belonged only in nightmares.

Quickly he glanced at the gently munching mare and the broken Nappy to see if he was still in the crisp mountain camp. When he looked at Pap again, he gazed into the muzzle of a vicious looking pistol held in Pap's gnarled fist.

Something clicked in Dave's brain. That gun was a Mauser, he could spot one at a hundred feet. It had been Mausers, too, that night on the North Coast limited. He was right then. Pap was his man.

"Get up, lad!" Pap's voice cracked.

Dave obeyed. He sensed something in the voice that seemed to say—"I don't care when I get rid of you!"

He stood stiff and rigid while he was slapped and felt over for weapons.

"Get over there against that mare, and keep them hands high! You're goin' over the divide with me!" Again he obeyed and stared at the old man who laid his gun on a pack box and started deftly to packing.

Dave kept his back close to the mare and turned over in his mind the chances of rushing for the gun. Just as he was about to discard it as too long a chance something hard jabbed him in the back as the mare moved. He twisted a little. Dimly he could see, outlined on a brass butt plate that he had backed into, the inscription, "Zulu."

Well, there was no time to wait, it was either yes or no. Pap nearly had the box packed. He must act quickly. Again he looked at the ancient shotgun, saw that the flint was in place and the lock set. Slowly, with his eyes on Pap, he drew the horned-nosed weapon from its canvas sack. When he had it about half drawn, the nauseating thought came to him that the relic might not work; a chance too, that if loaded too heavily, with its immense calibre it might blow out the breach block—a peculiar habit with the toy cannons.

He would have to take that chance.

At last he had the weapon clear and was ready to swing it around when the butt plate barely touched one of the crossed wooden forks of the saddle and made a tiny metallic click. In an instant Pap's eyes were upon him. With amazing quickness the weather-beaten hand leaped for the Mauser. Before Dave could swing the heavy Zulu around, the Mauser had barked

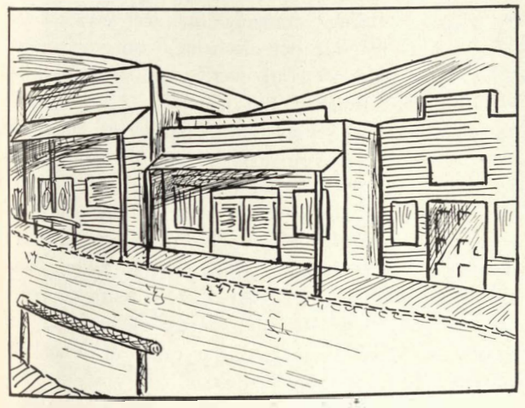


once. Without placing the weapon, Dave frantically yanked the trigger. Simultaneously a head splitting crash ripped the thin air and the gun, possessed with a thousand devils, jumped backwards, cutting his hip as it passed and jabbing the frantic mare in the ribs.

He dropped the living weapon and stared blankly through the powder smoke at the havoc he had created. Before him he saw, not the grinning ogre of a moment before, but the pitiable sight of a kindly looking old man, anguish and agony written in his wide, glassy eyes as he lay with his head at a queer angle on a pack box. He stopped and looked into the face while it twitched and mumbled laboriously through pink, foam-fringed lips. All that was bad in the man seemed to have vanished.

THERE was one building in Dobson that didn't sway and creak when the wind blew and didn't scream wildly for a coat of paint. It stood proud, square, new, and perfectly plumb on its concrete foundation, on the opposite side of town from the church. It was two stories in height and painted a glaring business-like white. It had only one thing in common with the meagre structures in town and that was the long guy wires on the western side, fastened securely to stern iron posts. The building was the public school, the pride of Dobson and the scene of much commotion on the afternoon of May 9.

It was pouring forth onto the flat prairie a group of noisy, gay, book laden children among whom there was more than the usual four o'clock excitement. Earlier in the afternoon the classes on the north side of the



building had seen a dark green coupe drive into Dobson. There was only one person in the country that drove such a coupe. With their adolescent observation they could spot it sooner than their mothers and dads could. They all knew that Sheriff Giebler had arrived in town that afternoon. They didn't know why, but the very fact that he was there meant excitement. They were soon crowded around Hannon's in a wide-eyed group peering in at the sacred character and nervously absorbing bits of news that the bolder high school students went in and gathered for them.

Sheriff Giebler was somewhat perturbed himself. He had dropped out of his way down to Dobson while on a wide cruise looking for thieves that had made away with 21 head of horses and to his surprise had found that they had been shipped from Dobson by a supposedly respectable rancher, Jim Carbine. But to his greater surprise and perturbation he had run head on into a case that looked very much like murder.

He had been in the bank talking to old Hirshly and was just recovering from his first shock involving Carbine when excited shouts in the street drew him to the door just in time for him to help unload an old man, who was beyond pain but still breathing, from a tired and sweaty pack mare.

The man had been shot in the right lung and the flies had already begun to infest the wound. Leading this outfit was a young man who needed a shave and some sleep. He calmly dismounted from a horse, whose traveling days were over, and announced that he was the killer.

His story sounded thin—that the man was "Pap Sanders" whom the Chicago tip concerned. Didn't have any proof that it was Pap. Didn't find the diamond or any evidence to prove that he had ever had it. All he had to show was a roll of bills that he had found in the pack boxes while searching for the diamond.

"Sounds like the regular old thing to me," Giebler said to the skipper. "You say this young rancher was broke and discouraged, 'bout to have his outfit took away from him? Looks to me like he just ups and tries to rob the old duffer in the night. Then the old boy recognizes him and takes a shot. The young fella does his own shootin', then gets panicky and remorseful, and turn himself in along with his story about the diamond."

"Nope, Sheriff, Dave Tuttle 'ud never 'ave done that," the skipper replied.

A man who had arrived the day before and whom nobody knew anything about stepped up and said he was D. C. Breckenridge who had lost the diamond. He announced that he was the father of Dave Tuttle. He said that Dave had run away from home as a boy and had changed his name as a result of his father's domestic trouble and divorce; said he had searched for him ever since Dave's mother had died, leaving him rightful claim to Dave; said he had gotten track of him through an engineering school he had gone to and had traced him here. He declared that he was going to protect him with all his resources, and looked like he meant it.

SHERIFF Giebler sat on the counter in Hannon's and gazed out over the group of staring children to the one room hospital opposite the bank and awaited the results of the operation that would tell whether or not he had a murder to deal with. He removed the new, pearl grey sombrero from his sandy head and

turned to the skipper. "Are you sure that young buck and his dad won't pull out on us?" he asked. "I don't like to leave him runnin' loose."

"You've got my word along with everybody else's in town that he'll stay, which all together don't amount up to half so much's the fact that you've got his'nt," replied the skipper.

Dave and Giebler were standing almost abreast in front of the one room structure when Doctor Talpan opened the door, looking first at Dave's haggard and anxious face and then into the irritated visage of the law.

"Wal, I lost my man," he announced without ceremony. "First man I'v lost in here since I made it a hospital three years ago."

The gathering crowd of children pushed closer, Giebler wet his dry lips with the tip of his tongue and eyed Dave.

"But I got the 'bullet' all right," 'Talpan proudly announced. "Like to show it to you."

Dave stared; he was too tired, too dumfounded, to do anything else. Giebler cursed softly and smiled. Lying on a tray, gory and horrible, lay a diamond of huge proportions.

"Had it hid in that old Zulu, not even cracked! Cotton packin' saved it! Horn nose let it out," breathed Giebler as his stunned brain began to put two and two together. "Well I'll be a son-of-a-gun! Shot with his own loot;" he said, as he placed it back in the tray.

D. C. Breckenridge was sore and slightly green around the gills when the light of Dave's cabin finally bobbed into view. Everything seemed to be bobbing to him and he remarked as they made their way through the young spruce of the valley, "I can sure eat when we get there, Dave, but I'll never be able to sit down."

Ordinarily Dave would have chuckled at such a remark from an inexperienced rider, but he seemed not to notice it and kept his eyes glued to the glowing lighted window.

At last, after what seemed an eternity to Dave they reached the corrall, hastily tethered the horses they had borrowed from "Smoky Daggett, and started up the path, Dave in the lead. He reached the door several strides ahead and shoved it open with an effort. There above a spotless house dress was a pair of deep blue eyes—smiling. He looked from them to the table.

"Why, Eileen, supper's all ready!"

"Sure," she replied. "You said you'd be back—for supper."

Dave stepped aside and said, "Set it for three."

A minor character, L. D.,
He slides them down the shelf.
As soda-squirt he leads them all
He says it's so himself.

# The Debtor

Life owes me all that I can hold
  And pass thro' these two hands.
It owes me all that I can give;
  Nor fails it my demands.

All mine is justice, joy, and truth.
  All mine the love divine.
'Tis mine—I pass it on to them;
  Yet, 'tis so small, so fine!

So tiny seems this wondrous thing
  I watch with fear—scarce cease
To pray, ere' from the seed appears
  The flower of God's peace.

Harriet Kruger '35.

# Rich Young Man

(*Continued from page 9*)

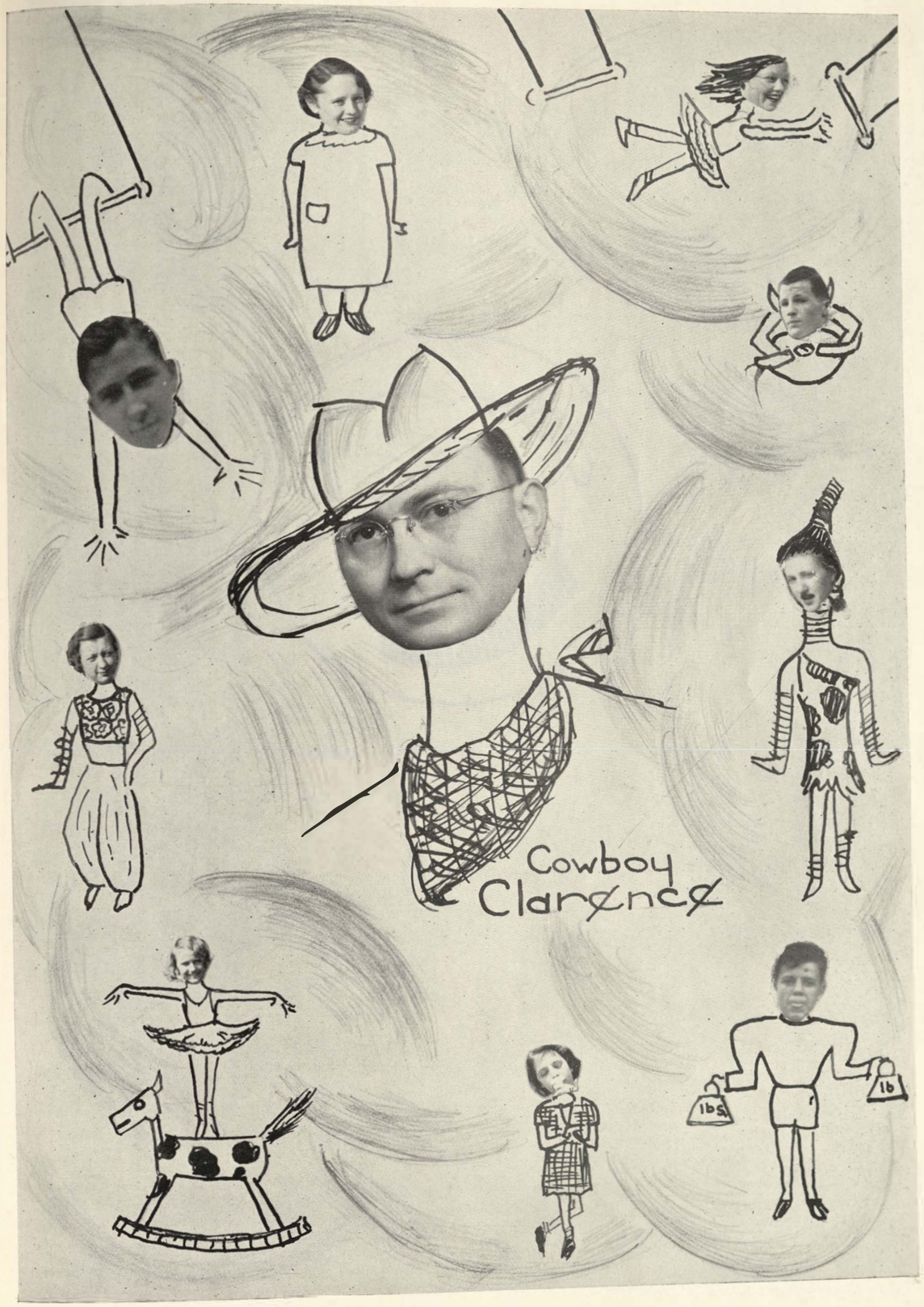
under a cloud for somehow she couldn't find the enthusiasm for rich, young men that she had possessed the day before. Her feet dragged as she went out to Jinks.

She had reached the car and was about to drive away when the landlady called out to her, "You're wanted on the 'phone."

A voice sounding strangely familiar answered her "hello." This is your pet mechanic," came the words. "Would your car need an overhauling or paint job—or anything—" finished Bill lamely.

Kitty's voice and senses came alive as she lilted, "I'll come over and let you look at it. I really should hate to drive it if it is not in the best of condition."

Of course you know the rest of the little story of Kitty and her mechanic. You're assured of the fact that although Bill failed to find anything wrong with the car, he did discover that Kitty's heart skipped a beat now and then. Being a doctor of hearts as well as carburetors, he discovered the cause of it and administered the proper medicine.

You probably feel that Kitty deserved a rich, young man and that according to the justice in the world of love and romance, she probably found that Bill was the son of the maker of all the little Jinkses in the world. But right there is where we must make an editorial comment and whisper a little secret in your ear.

The fact is that Kitty forgot all about rich, young men and that Bill was an actual honest-to-goodness mechanic. But wait—the right ending is coming. Bill purchased for Kitty (the very next day after the wedding) one lovely pair of shoes and three new pairs of hose!